McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.20 Per Year

VOL. XLVII | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1910 | NO. 7

TWO FIRES IN TOWN WITHIN PAST WEEK.

Smethport Rubber Works and William Glavin's House Damaged.

DAMAGE IS UPWARDS OF $3,500.

Both Buildings Saved by Prompt Action of the Fire Department—Rubber Company's Loss $2,500, Redfield Bros. $350; William Glavin $500.

At about 7:30 o'clock last Friday morning fire gutted part of the plant of the Smethport Rubber Company on Fulton street, doing nearly $3,000 damage to the building and contents.

The fire which broke out in the office of this building was caused by the breaking of the gas line into the building. There was an exposed gas main leading into the building and a loaded sleigh driven by Sam Fry slewed as he was passing it in such a manner as to break the connection in the office. Almost immediately the room filled with gas causing an explosion which was quickly followed by fire.

An alarm was given at once but the flames spread rapidly and the whole front of the structure was in flames in a very few minutes. The Fire Department responded quickly and soon had the fire out, but not until the damage to materials and office fixtures had reached about $2,500 and $350 to the building.

The loss to Redfield Brothers, owners of the building, was fully covered by insurance and the Smethport Rubber Company carried $1,000 on their stock.

Work has been started on the repairs and business will be resumed as soon as the building is put in shape.

This is the second accident to that concern in the past few months and they show good pluck in sticking to it.

Fire Last Night.

At about 8:30 last evening an alarm was sounded when fire was discovered in the residence of William Glavin on High street. Prompt action of the firemen with the chemical apparatus soon had the fire under control and it was entirely extinguished with a few pails of water.

However much of the furniture was hurriedly carried out of the house which will probably bring the damage up to $500 or possibly more.

The cause of the fire is unknown but it is supposed to have originated from a gas jet in the dining room.

Borough Election.

The vote cast in this borough last Tuesday was as follows:

COUNCIL.

C. C. Choate, Rep., 77; Oscar Engstrom, Rep. and Pro., 88; Thos. W. Camp, Dem., 72; W. C. Daly, Dem., 78.

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

H. H. Redfield, Rep. and Pro., 80; Wm. F. Specht, Rep. and Pro., 96; F. W. Brownell, Dem., 80; S. F. Redfield, Dem., 68.

AUDITORS.

George W. Brennan, Rep. and Dem., 127.

ASSESSOR.

Geo. H. Hyde, Rep. and Pro., 79; Wade Burdick, Dem., 84.

JUDGE OF ELECTION.

A. H. Kidder, Rep. and Pro., 106; Geo. Barber, 58.

INSPECTOR OF ELECTION.

C. B. Dickinson, Rep. and Pro., 73; E. T. Daly, Dem., 86.

H. H. Redfield and F. W. Brownell are tie for school director and a choice will be made by drawing lots at the next meeting of this body.

Johnson-Ketchell Fight.

At the Star on Thursday afternoon and evening, Feb. 24, the famous Johnson-Ketchell fight pictures will be shown. These three reels are said to be the best fight pictures ever produced and everybody should take advantage of the opportunity to see them.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groins, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

DEATH OF OLD RESIDENT.

John C. Mosier Passed Away Last Sunday at Home of Daughter.

John C. Mosier, one of the oldest and best known residents of Keating township, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. James Bray, in Farmers Valley on Sunday, Feb. 13, 1910. The cause of his death were the ailments incident to old age, he being in his 76th year of life.)

Mr. Mosier was born in Connecticut in March, 1834, and came to this county about the year 1860. Two years later he went back to the land of his birth and was united in marriage to Miss Emma Chaffee. They came back here and purchased a farm where they resided until they had passed the years of activity when they went to live with their children.

Three children were born to them to make their lives happy, all of whom with their aged mother, survive to mourn the loss of a kind, loving and indulgent husband and father. The surviving children are Mrs. Edith Stone of Otcholeta, Oklahoma, Mrs. James Bray of Farmers Valley and Ray A. Mosier of Farmers Valley.

Mr. Mosier was one of those honest, sturdy citizens who by his honesty and integrity makes any community the better for his having lived in it and his death will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of sincere friends.

The funeral services were held at the home of James Bray on Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, Rev. R. Summerskill officiating, and his remains were laid at rest in the Smith cemetery at Farmers Valley.

MASONS VISIT OLEAN LODGE.

Over Fifty Members of McKean Lodge No. 388, F. & A. M., Meet With Their Brethren Tuesday Evening.

In response to an invitation extended by Olean Lodge, No. 352, F. & A. M., upwards of fifty members of McKean Lodge together with members from Mt. Jewett, Portville and Allegany visited the city of natural advantages and good fellowship Tuesday evening and witnessed the working of the third degree as put on by the Masons of the Empire State.

The trip was made on a Shawmut special which landed the fraters there in due time. After the secret work was finished an excellent repast was served by the sisters of the Eastern Star which was hugely enjoyed by all present, especially the Smethport contingent. A few short after dinner speeches were made by members from the various lodges present, as called upon by Toastmaster W. Z. Georgia, a former Smethport gentleman, and a most delightful evening was spent by all. After cordial and brotherly adieus all left for their respective homes. It is more than probable that the Olean Masons will be invited to make a return visit to Smethport in the not far distant future.

A "BUCKTAIL" GONE.

D. P. Robarts Died in Ceres on Friday Last.

D. P. Robarts, an aged citizen and old "Bucktail," died at his home in Ceres township on Friday, February 11, 1910, at the advanced age of 76 years.

The deceased has been a resident of this county nearly all his life. When but eighteen years of age he taught school in Turtle Point and when the War of the Rebellion broke out he volunteered his services and became a member of the regiment, that afterwards was known as the famous Bucktails." At the close of the war he returned home and has since been a highly respected and honored citizen of the county.

He was married many years ago, but his wife preceded him to the Great Beyond by several years. We understand he leaves no children although he had numerous distant relatives in this vicinity.

His remains were taken to Fredonia, N. Y., on Monday where interment was made.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Feb. 12, 1910:

Knapp, Miss Oella.
Murgatroyd, Edna.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Advertise in The Miner.

BOYS.

A Few Words About The Boys' Magazine From the Bradford Star-Record.

Scores of books could be written on this subject without exhausting it.

Their desires; their temptations; their recreations; their education; their habits, good and bad; their discipline; their literature, etc., etc.

Any one of these subjects would require a volume to treat it comprehensively.

It is about their literature we desire to say just a few words here.

Stories of adventure, athletic achievements and war tales are without question the most interesting subjects for boys.

Parents may be sure boys will get such reading matter and by a little thought and attention they can be provided with stories and publications that will satisfy their love for exciting narrative and at the same time give them information which will be educational from a historical view, inspiring noble action and rivalry to excel in the best efforts and under no circumstances be demoralizing to their views of life.

Unless care is taken to thus provide boys with literature along lines that attract them, they will seek their own and will not be so discriminating. The thrilling, impossible and demoralizing dime novels of the harmful type, thrive on the desires of boys for stories of adventure and excitement, and the failure of their parents and guardians to supply them with more wholesome reading that will satisfy this natural and proper preference, and at the same time help rather than harm.

His reading is most satisfactory when it comes to a boy regularly in magazine form, involving ten cents a month or less, and is also much less expensive than to provide books continuously.

Public libraries afford good reading to this end, but the average boy likes most that which he receives personally at his own, and he deserves at least a magazine once a month devoted to him and to his likes and dislikes.

Every man or woman interested in boys has felt the need of more of such publications.

We are pleased to note that such a journal for boys has been started at Smethport, Pa., this county.

It is printed in the Backus Print Shop there. The editorial staff is as follows: President and editor, Scott F. Redfield; editor athletic department, Walter Camp; curio department, Day Allen Willey; electrical and mechanical department, Alfred P. Morgan; photography department, Donald Grandon, and stamp and coin department, Arthur Mallett.

The Boys' Magazine of Smethport is a credit to those responsible for it and will be gladly welcomed by those anxious to please the boys with their style of reading matter, and at the same time giving them that which will be helpful.

Two numbers have been issued and they are excellent. Moreover, the talent secured and the policy maintained insure constant improvement, if such is possible.

The character of reading in this magazine is of the kind that instructs and helps the boys and at the same time they are enthusiastic over it and are impatient to receive the next copy.

The subjects are boyish and cover the entire field of his activities.

The Boys' Magazine, though new, is the best publication of its kind in the country and is destined to be popular with boys wherever read by them, and parents will be more than pleased to have them enjoy such a publication.

We congratulate the boys, the parents, the publishers and our county upon the character and future of this monthly publication.

In twelve months its better than a dozen books at the total cost of one book, and will please every boy as much as the harmful literature, at the same time helping him instead of having a demoralizing effect.

The Clarion State Normal School is offering some special inducements in its course of study for the Spring term. It will pay you to write for a circular describing the work that will be done in the special training of teachers. Spring term opens March 29th.

J. GEORGE DECHT, Prin.

Write for catalog and circular Edinboro Normal. Spring Session begins March 22, 1910.

JOHN F. BIGLER.

THOUGHT HE HAD KILLED COMPANION.

Two Wood Chopper Fight and One Skips Out.

BUT CAME BACK 48 HOURS LATER.

After Leaving Companion Unconscious at Midnight Saturday He Tramps Through Snow Until Daylight Sunday Morning—Hunters Followed Thinking it was a Bear.

Last Saturday two wood choppers who reside in a shanty on Pierce Brook and are employed by Fred Cleveland, purchased a supply of booze and proceeded to have a celebration Saturday evening.

The party consisted of the two men, John Mann and John Bergo. Along about midnight a dispute was started which resulted in a fierce fight. Mann proved to be the better man of the two and Bergo was soon down and out. Mann looked at his prostrate chum and is supposed to have decided that he was dead, for he is accused of turning out the gas fire in the stove and, after leaving a lighted lamp near by, turning on the gas again, so that an explosion and fire would follow and cover up his unintended crime, and leaving.

From that time until dawn Mann tramped through the deep snow, covering a distance of several miles over the roughest kind of territory. Whether to avoid meeting anyone who might possibly be on the road or because he was bewildered from the booze he kept clear of all paths and it is said that he climbed sixteen wire fences during his night journey, besides crossing and recrossing all the gullies and bad places to be found. Just where he spent his time between Sunday morning and Monday when he returned is hard to tell, but he evidently learned that Bergo was still alive before he came back to the scene of the trouble.

So deep was the snow and shambling was his gait that hunters thought his tracks were made by a bear and followed them for several miles before they were convinced that they were made by a man.

Some time after Mann had departed Bergo regained consciousness, and made himself as comfortable as possible until Sunday morning when he came to Smethport and had his wounds dressed by a physician.

The story about the attempt to cause an explosion and fire as previously stated is somewhat in doubt. Bergo claims the facts are as above stated while Mann denies the charge in toto and says he did not think at any time he had killed his co-worker, but simply ran away because he did not realize what he was doing. However the two Johns have made up and are again the closest of friends, so the real facts will probably never be known. Both are pretty well cut up at the present time—Bergo from his beating and Mann from his long tramp but when they recover they will be chums on the wood-cutting job.

Good Music in "Girl From U. S. A."

The Daily State Gazette of Trenton, N. J., December 28, says:

"The Girl From the U. S. A." which was presented at Taylor's last evening, is a novel offering, as the intensity of the drama and frivolity of musical comedy are combined in a way that is harmonious. There is always action and the change from thrill to the laugh and the song is smooth and natural.

A feature of the production is a vocal quartet known as the Leland Comedy Four. This quartet is composed of Robert Richards, George Graham, Fred Schiedler and William Hirst. They introduced a budget of new songs which scored heavily.

Miss Sanford, Miss Richardson, Miss Drake and Miss Farmer comprised a dancing quartet which introduced a series of novel dances which were greatly appreciated.

The music in the play is very catchy and the song hits included "A Daughter of Uncle Sam," "Ain't This a good Old Town" and "Hypnotize Her."

Although the plot lends one among scenes of Oriental splendor, the tone of the play remains vividly and thoroughly American in sentiment. The climaxes are thrilling and unexpected, and the comedy of several novel characters is as welcome as it is diverting.

At the Lyceum to-night.

Other Things.

"And all the world I knew,
And the glories that lie beyond it, and whitherward all things drew;
And myself a little fragment amidst it all I saw."

The Crisis in England.

Every year the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or as we would say the Secretary of the Treasury, attempts to ascertain what the expenses for carrying on the Government will be for the next twelve months, then he considers the source of income and strikes a balance between the two. The result he embodies in a scheme of appropriations and taxation which is formally known as the Budget. Last spring when Mr. David Lloyd George, the Chancellor, made up his Budget he found that he had to deal with a prospective deficit of not less than $80,000,000. This deficit was due in the main to three things, the decrease in the import of spirits, the extra naval expenditures, and the recently adopted policy of paying old age pensions.

The Budget indicated that Mr. George had attacked the problem fearlessly and that the most of his proposals were in the direction of increased taxation on property and in particular "property founded on natural resources." The result was an immediate and sharp cry against the Budget on the part of the people who own the wealth of the Kingdom. It was said that it was revolutionary and Mr. George replied that it was a war-Budget as in fact it was in some sense since not less than $15,000,000 were for the building of the Dreadnaughts in response to the cry of war which had been largely raised by the property owners. As the wealth of the country had demanded more protection Mr. George said that it was only fair that it should pay its share of the expense.

Lord Lansdowne, Conservative leader of the House of Lords, gave notice that he would move on Nov. 22 the rejection of the Budget by the Lords. He said it was so revolutionary that the Lords would not be justified in giving consent to the bill until it had been submitted to the judgment of the country."

Now there is in the English people a deeply cherished love for the soil. The first glimpses which we have of the Teutonic tribes that inhabited Western Europe and who in the middle of the fifth century settled in the Island of Britain shows that they were a people of the soil. The free man was always a freeholder. While the people lived in small towns fenced about by a rough fence and ditch the land surrounding was the property of all the freemen and it was held by all, but not in absolute possession. The woodland and the pasture land were always common property and every free villagor could turn in his cattle or his swine. When in the spring the grass began to grow the meadow-land was fenced off into fields, one for each free householder. When the hay had been harvested the fences were taken down again and the meadow-land was once more free to all. It was only the plough land that was allotted permanently and even this was subject to change as the number of claimants grew greater or less. Every freeman was entitled to his share.

It is claimed that until the thirteenth century two-thirds of the land in England was common land. But about 1325 the practice began of legalizing the enclosure of common lands to individual landlords. In a census taken in 1876 it was shown that nearly one-half of the enclosed land of England and Wales is owned by a landed aristocracy of about 2,250 persons. Nine-tenths of Scotland is said to be owned by 1,700 persons and two-thirds of Ireland by 1,942 persons. According to this census the members of the House of Lords owned 15,000,000 acres out of a total in the United Kingdom of a little less than 78,000,000 acres. The vast majority of the people do not own a square inch of land and are tenants-at-will and residents on sufferance and not by right." It is not strange therefore that the descendants of those first Englishmen who lived in an honorable and just independence should resent thus being deprived of the land of their native country while men no more worthy or deserving than themselves were possessed of more than they could have any need for.

In addition to this is the fact that much of this land held by the rich is not adequately taxed. Lands in towns that have no buildings upon them are scarcely taxed at all. Unoccupied houses are not taxed. In many instances lands have increased enormously in value through the activity and energy of the communities and the taxes have not kept pace with this unearned increment. There are in fact many things which should be remedied, and the Budget of Mr. George was a step in this direction. Mr. George it will be recalled belongs to the Liberal party, he comes from Wales and from the humble peasant class and love of the soil and for fair play for all manifests itself strongly in his efforts to readjust the financial problems of the Kingdom. He says: "All we ask is that wealth shall pay its fair share. We are simply seeking to establish in an Act of Parliament a very old friend and fiscal principle, that men could contribute to the needs of the State as God has prospered them."

It is perhaps only natural that the Lords should be jealous of their privileges even though they may not be looked upon as rights. It is of course known to all that the rights of the common people from the days when the Commons of ancient Rome rebelled down to modern times have been won after many struggles. The House of Lords stands for the privileged classes and there is little doubt that through its own inevitable blindness the day of its end or of its transformation is not far away. Mr. George has purposely made an attack upon the House of Lords and most interesting things will take place in England within the near future. During the three years and more that the Liberal party has been in power the Lords have blocked legislation, even in favor of the liquor interests and once in opposition to the taxing of ground values in Scotland. It is not strange then that the Liberals should present this scheme of taxation and neither is it that the Lords should object to it.

The making up of the Budget always is the work of the House of Commons and with the Lords have nothing to do. However the Budget cannot be passed without the vote of the Lords there was an increased interest. The Lords cannot even amend the Budget. When the present Budget came before the House of Commons it was passed by a vote of 379 to against 149. As the time drew near for it to come before the House of Lords there was an increased interest on their part and many members whose faces had never been seen before in the Chamber were present and filled with an eager and excited interest. Although words of warning had been spoken against adverse action by the Lords their opposition was so pronounced against the Budget and in favor of their special privileges that they voted against it in a vote that gave 75 for it and 425 against it. This meant an appeal to the people on the plea that the Commons in presenting the Budget did not represent the wishes of the country. The English Parliament is not elected at a regular time as our bodies are, but whenever there is a necessity for an election or an appeal to the people to determine whether or not the Commons are properly representing them.

The Lords claim that the Budget is so radical that the Commons should go before the people with it before its passage. The Commons claim that the position enunciated as far back as 1671 is right that: "in all aids given to the King, by the Commons, the Rate or tax ought not to be changed by the Lords." The Lords have never directly admitted this but have in fact submitted to it. They have never rejected a Budget as a whole and would hardly dare to do so except in an extreme case. The Budget is the work of the Liberal party and as such it is opposed by the Lords who are in a much larger extent the property-owners. Have the Lords the right to reject the Budget in opposition to the will of the people expressed in the vote of the Commons? This is a vital question in England at this time.

The House of Commons asked to be returned for two reasons (1) the social reforms asked for in the Budget, and (2) the party's opposition to the interference of the Lords in control of the finances. During the past week or two the elections have been going on it is probable that the Liberals will be returned with sufficient strength to carry through their measures. If the Liberals are returned and insist upon presenting the Budget in the same form and character as before it will be an interesting situation for the Kingdom and one which all will watch with much eagerness. If the Lords accept the Budget it will be a great victory for the Commons and will indicate hereafter a decreased influence on the part of the Lords. If they reject the Budget or seek to modify it this will lead to discussion and may result in Parliament being dissolved again and another election.

"HE IS MY FRIEND."

A Story of President Lincoln and His Private Secretary.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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In the autumn of 1856 I entered Brown university, the college of Rhode Island. A freshman just entered knows none of his fellow students, not even his own classmates, and is naturally curious concerning those about him. One afternoon soon after my matriculation I was in the room of an upper class man where were half a dozen students listening to a rosy cheeked boy who was firing bits of wit and humor at them with the rapidity of a modern Gatling gun, his shots being received by them with bursts of laughter. I asked who the little fellow was and whether he was in college. Great was my surprise when informed that he was a junior. He had entered at fifteen and was now seventeen. He was from the western state of Illinois.

The Illinoisan, as I shall call him, I soon learned was the shining light of the college. He was so bright that he had no great need to study and possessed a memory to retain all he learned.

I roomed next to a Kentuckian who was a member of the same Greek letter society as the Illinoisan, and there I frequently met the latter. This Kentuckian, a large, handsome fellow, and an Ohioan at this period fought a mock duel, intending it as a hoax for their fellow students. One wintry morning at daylight while the snow was falling they drove across the border of the state, a few miles distant, exchanged blank cartridge shots, and the Kentuckian walked into chapel for prayers with his arm in a sling. His antagonist had poked a hole in his hat.

Meanwhile the Illinoisan was coming to be considered the college genius. Having shown a fancy for writing verses, he was selected to deliver the poem at the exercises held on class day. I can see the slight youthful figure now after an interval of half a century, graceful in the scholastic gown worn on such occasions, speaking his poem with accompanying gestures in the chapel before an audience largely composed of young men and young women.

The young poet recited his poem in the spring of 1858 and for the next

"ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT HE IS MY FRIEND."

three years was occupied, I believe, at his home in Illinois studying the profession of law. During this period a man was coming from comparative obscurity to exercise an enduring influence upon the nation. Abraham Lincoln was debating with Senator Douglas those questions which were in the end to be determined by the sword. Then came the election of 1860, and Lincoln stepped from the position of an attorney in a small town to the office of president of the United States.

Students who have been friends in college on separating usually write one another for awhile, then their friendship lies dormant for the rest of their lives unless perchance they meet to talk over the golden days of their college course. I had not been especially intimate with the young Illinois poet, for he was of a class two years ahead of mine and of a different college fraternity. But the time was soon to come when I should be brought into closer relation to him. In the summer of 1861 my father was appointed by President Lincoln a brigadier general of volunteers and ordered to report for duty to General McClellan, commanding the Army of the Potomac. I went with my father as lieutenant of a New York regiment, detailed to serve as aid-de-camp on his staff.

On arriving in Washington we put up at the old Willard hotel. One afternoon soon after reaching Washington I saw my Illinois poet for the first time since he was graduated. He was leaning against the cigar stand. There were several of us present who had known him in college, and we all gathered about him, for he had recently been appointed assistant private secretary to President Lincoln.

And now, if not before, it will be recognized that this rosy cheeked boy poet was none other than John Hay.

"This is a big thing you've fallen into, John."

"Yes," he replied, with a twinkle of the eye and his good natured smile. "I'm keeper of the president's conscience."

The youngster with whom we were joking was to spend four years under the influence of the patience, the wisdom and the foresight of the martyr president, being trained the while to execute, after an interval of forty years, an important diplomatic work and will probably go down in history as the ablest diplomat the United States has produced. Though John Hay possessed the natural ability for his later work, there can be no doubt that he imbibed the patience and learned the methods from his chief while conducting the nation through the most perilous period in its history.

But to return to my story. While John Hay was occupying an office adjoining that of President Lincoln his college friend, the Kentuckian, Clarence Bate of Louisville, had turned rebel and was fighting for the south. In the beginning Kentucky was a divided state. One-half of its people were with the Union, the other half with the Confederacy. It is probable that it was on this account that Bate became identified with one of those bands having no legitimacy as Confederate soldiers who were doing their best to carry the state out of the Union. At any rate, Bate was taken prisoner with arms in his hand against the sovereignty of the United States, having neither a commission nor having been enlisted in the Confederate service.

Later in the war, when one of these "citizens," as they were called, were captured and brought before a commanding officer, after hearing what his captors had to say on the subject, the commander, with a wave of his hand, would say: "Take him away. I don't want to see any more of him." This was an order understood by the captors to take the man out and shoot him. The prisoner was then conducted to an open space, told to run and shot down while running.

But Clarence Bate was tried by military court-martial and sentenced to be shot.

Bate belonged to a prominent family in Louisville. He had been engaged to be married while in college, but whether he had been married I don't know. There was a quick consultation among his friends. His old friend Hay was close to the president, the only man who by exercising the pardoning power could save his life. There was one chance, and only one, for Bate. That was to secure Hay's influence for a pardon. But was there time? Would Hay feel that his conscience would permit him to ask such a favor? Would the president's conscience permit him to grant it if asked?

Was not John Hay, as he had mournfully said, "the keeper of the president's conscience?"

A friend of the condemned man sped to Washington as quick as train could carry him, bearing a request that Hay would do all in his power to save the life of his old friend and brother in the fraternity of which they were both members.

The messenger on his arrival at the capital, having secured an interview with Hay in his office in the White House, presented the request.

What a singular situation! Two students have been together in many a college symposium, have played many a prank in company. A few years pass. Probably they have not met since those happy college days. Suddenly one is handed a request to save the other's life. And more—if he cannot save it his friend must die!

Hay took the letter through a door communicating with the president's private office, leaving the door ajar. The messenger heard indistinctly some conversation between the president and his secretary, then the words, spoken by Hay, "All I can say is that he is my friend."

"Go over to the pardoning office," replied the president; "have a pardon made out, and I will sign it."

John Hay at that time could not have been more than twenty-two or twenty-three years old, for the incident happened at the beginning of the war—1861 or 1862—and Hay was graduated at college in 1858 at the age of nineteen. Fancy a man filled with the generous impulses of youth receiving such a boon, the gift of a life, and that the life of his friend! We can picture the joy beaming in the young man's countenance as he returns to the messenger with the welcome news, the alacrity with which he seeks the pardon office and, when the document is signed, sends it, with an affectionate message, to his college companion.

President Lincoln when a question came up before him for decision wherein a strict construction of duty forbade clemency never hesitated to act on the side of that kindliness which was a part of his nature. He did not seem to dread the blame that would be heaped upon him for interfering with what the world calls justice, or if he dreaded it, he never permitted it to prevent his sparing a life that depended upon him. Yet all these acts of mercy on account of which his general said that it was impossible to maintain discipline in the army were exercised in cases of soldiers in the ranks. Probably the life of Clarence Bate was the only one spared at the request of one near the president, and no such act has ever been charged against Mr. Lincoln for the purpose of carrying favor with a political magnate.

His pupil, Hay, retained to the day of his death that same kindliness for which his preceptor was so distinguished. Doubtless there is not a friend of the great secretary's early life who will not testify to the fact that when he was at the height of his power he felt and acted in accordance with the words:

"He is my friend."

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

An Italian journal says that Adelina Patti has sold her throat for $100,000 to an American, who will exhibit it after her death.

The Countess Bathurst is the only woman in England who owns a daily newspaper. She is the sole surviving child of the late Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the Morning Post, who died the other day.

The only woman railroad surgeon in the world is Dr. Sophie Herzog of Brazoria, Tex., who has held the position of surgeon for the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexican railroad ever since that line was built, several years ago.

Elisabeth Hirsh of Llegnitz, Germany, is the first woman to be elected to the governing council of the Hanseband, an organization of financiers and capitalists to promote German trade and commerce. She is the manager of a large factory, and the election is in recognition of her remarkable business ability.

Miss Betsy B. Winslow of New Bedford, Mass., who began her thirty-fourth consecutive year as a member of the New Bedford school board recently, has a record career as a "suffragette," for she has not only served in public elective office longer than any other woman, but at each recurring election she has gone to the polls and cast her ballot.

Train and Track.

In the United States the percentage of railroads which are not engaged in carriage of the mails is very small.

The New York public service commission will make an extensive investigation of concrete as a deadener of noise on elevated railroad structures.

Of English railways the Northeastern holds the record for the fastest running between stops—an average of sixty-one and seven-tenth miles an hour over forty-four and one-quarter miles.

There are 1,230 street and interurban railway companies in America, with a total of 35,000 miles of single track and 75,000 passenger cars. The total number of passengers carried annually is 10,000,000,000, and the gross annual income is $440,000,000.

Sporting Notes.

Cincinnati is latest to form an aero club.

Marvin Hart, the heavyweight pugilist, is a detective in Louisville.

Daughters of Nutwood, 2:18¾, have produced 343 record trotters and pacers.

Ohio is to try the propagation of Hungarian pheasants as a means of restocking its game haunts.

The California Kennel club will send a carload of the best dogs on the coast to the east, with the purpose of creating greater interest in future California shows.

The Arions of Baltimore claim that their new clubhouse is the most perfect in America. The club enjoyed one of their most successful rowing seasons last year.

Facts From France.

France has established a high school for aeronauts.

The French army costs $140,000,000 a year, equal to $210 a man.

In France there are 300 poetesses, 340 women fashion writers and 1,500 women novelists. Sixty women are members of the Society of Dramatic Authors, and there are 300 women writers on educational matters.

France is far from being the childless country that some writers picture it. The recent census shows no fewer than 35,000 families in that country which rejoice in ten or more children each and over 1,250,000 families having at least five children each.

English Etchings.

Depositors in the British postoffice savings bank were credited last year with £3,772,755 interest.

Juries in England may now be sworn with hand uplifted—Scottish fashion—instead of by kissing the Testament.

On the London streets there are nearly 10,500 boy traders under fourteen years of age and over 900 girl traders.

In the fashionable west end of London the fair haired and pink skinned hostesses have discovered that black wall paper offers an excellent background for their charms.

Animal Oddities.

Crabs can see and smell, but they cannot hear.

The West African water shrew has the fur and shape of an otter, a tail like an eel and the habits of an aquatic insect feeder.

A decapitated snail if kept in a moist place will in a few days grow a new head, and the new head will be quite as serviceable as the original one was.

Short Stories.

Six hundred workmen were killed at their labors in Chicago during the past year.

A 2,000,000 ton hill in Cincinnati is being moved three miles to make a railroad fill.

Early historic times in Norway are to be illustrated at an exposition to be held at Bergen next summer.

The caribou of Alaska travel north every year in large herds. Some of these droves number a thousand animals.

In Days of Old.

In days of old, the long ago,
The blushing belle and dashing beau
Drew round the cheerful ingleside
And played the games of Christmastide—
Those merry games which, comme il faut,
We of today vote rather slow.
Grandfather never golfed, I trow,
And bridge was not the social guide
In days of old.

A quaint old age of calico,
Of ruffs, frill and furbelow,
An age of honest, simple pride,
While grandmamma was yet a bride;
They danced, they kissed and did not know
That microbes lurked in mistletoe
In days of old.
—Rochester Post Express.

Not the Worst.

"I must confess that I don't sleep well while traveling by train," said Mr. Chuggins. "I had a terrible dream last night."

"I understand they had some trouble on the road."

"Yes. I dreamed my motorcar ran over an embankment, smashed the engine and tore the transmission out by the roots. You can't imagine how relieved I felt when I awoke and found it was only a railway collision."
—Washington Star.

The Naughty Little Motor.

'Twas a very little boy
Had a pretty little toy—
'Twas a little yellow motor with a shiny scarlet wheel.
When the motor wouldn't go
Little Bobbie muttered, "Oh,
When I ask you you had ought to—yes, you'd ought-to-mobile!"

But the balky little imp
Wouldn't run and wouldn't limp,
And it paid no least attention to the little boy's appeal.
And the laddie cried: "Alack,"
As he thumped it on the back,
"You're a naughty little autsy—yes, a naughty-mobile!"
—Harper's Weekly.

A Dangerous Weapon.

Two Irishmen were out hunting with one gun between them. The man with the gun saw a bird on a twig and took careful aim at it.

"For the love of heaven, Mike," shouted the other hunter, "don't shoot! The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to!" yelled Mike. "The bird won't wait."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Political Economist.

"It's due to this." "It's due to that."
"It isn't due to either."
"It's due to strikes." "It's due to trusts."
"Nonsense! It's due to neither."

One says 'tis all because the rich
Live at a pace too furious;
Another, that the laboring man's
Delights are too luxurious.

They're all off scent. The higher cost
Of food from oats to ices,
So far as I can figure out,
Is due to higher prices.
—New York Sun.

Could Pump.

"I understand you want a man to pump the organ?" said the applicant.

"Yes, we do," replied the man in charge at the church. "What experience have you had?"

"Well, I worked for a milkman for three years!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Unpopular Verdict.

Fellers, here's the verdict
Which makes your anger stir:
"He biz party high,
But he fell party fur!"

So mind about yer climbin',
Lor', ruin' on over hand.
Yer duty is to stay thar—
Stay thar, whoa you stand!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Crafty Old Rogue.

"The old skinflint knew nobody would weep when he died."

"How do you know?"

"He said so. He said he wanted to be cremated and then some one might get a cinder in his eye and have to shed a tear."—Kansas City Times.

Horseshoe Out of Date.

The horseshoe used to keep at bay
Disasters dire.
What is the proper charm today—
An auto tire?
—Washington Herald.

On Father's Account.

"I never speak," he said, "until after I have thought twice."

"Just to set father's mind at rest," she replied, "won't you try to think twice before the end of this week?"—Chicago Record.

Perplexing.

This most perplexing problem to
A maiden oft occurs:
Six wads of gum beneath a chair
But one of which is hers.
—Detroit Free Press.

As Amended.

Mr. Naggs—Remember, what I say goes.

Mrs. Naggs (calmly)—It does, provided you write it down and put a stamp on it.—Chicago Journal.

Revised.

Oh, wad some power here below
The giftie gie us
Always to see the men we owe
Before they see us!
—Cleveland Leader.

Too Fair to Suit.

Hank Stubbs—Ev'rybuddy orter lay up somethin' fur a rainy day.

Bige Miller—I s'pose that's the reason they's so much kickin' over the drought.—Boston Herald.

A Tip.

A word of warning
I would speak:
Don't let your nerve
Give way to cheek.
—Detroit Free Press.

Which One?

Galdy—Your hair is falling out dreadfully, old man.

Baldy (absently)—Which one?—Yale Record.

Consoling the Dog.

Hush, little doggie;
Don't you cry!
You'll be a wienerwurst
By and by.
—Judge.

Cumulus Clouds.

Cumulus clouds, which present the appearance of gigantic mountains crowned with snow, always move from a region of fair weather toward a region where a storm is forming.

Royal Baby Powder.

When Edward VII. of England was born, on Nov. 9, in the second year of Queen Victoria's marriage, every one at Buckingham palace went wild with delight. Bells rang and guns boomed with glad tidings all over the kingdom. Douglas Jerrold, amid the roaring of the ordnance, said, "Dear me, how they do powder these royal babies!"

Street Car Tips.

In European cities it is quite common for a passenger in a street car to give a small tip to the conductor, receiving in return a deferential salute.

Pet Birds in Pekin.

In the streets of Pekin are to be seen a large number of pet birds carried on sticks, to which they are generally attached by strings. The Chinese possess a peculiar faculty for the training of these birds, which fly away for a short flight and return to perch upon the stick, when they receive a little sweet food.

Tasmania.

Tasmania is 4,000 miles less in area than Ireland. The names of its eighteen counties are almost all taken from English counties.

Lions and Tigers.

There is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungles and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unmindful or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

The Mecklenburgs.

The royal house of Mecklenburg is the oldest in Europe, tracing its descent from Genseric, who sacked Rome in A. D. 455.

A Tour of the Escurial.

It requires about four days to make an investigation of the Escurial, the great Spanish palace, there being such a multitude of rooms and apartments. To travel all the halls, chambers, corridors, lengths and depths of the great palace would require a tour amounting to over a hundred miles.

Whist.

The game of whist has been traced by curious inquirers to the game of triumph or triumph or trump, which was extensively played in the early days of the sixteenth century.

A Curious Eating Custom.

The Dyaks divide in pairs when the food arrives for taking food, the father and mother in one platter, two sisters at one, and still two brothers at another. When the family is not equally divided as to sex a brother and sister may eat together, but this must always be the youngest and oldest of the family.

The Baby Walrus.

At six months a baby walrus will eat fifty pounds of codfish a day.

The Skate Fish.

The ray, or skate fish, has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion, like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are two rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts.

Age of Elephants.

There are records of elephants that have lived for 200 years, and an age of 150 years is not regarded as so very old for an elephant. It takes about a quarter of a century to get the elephant to full maturity.

Dancing.

Dancing was originally a mode of expressing religious feeling and was often used in military displays, though the Romans, like orientals, usually had their dancing done for them by hired slaves.

Marriage in Scotland.

Boys over fourteen and girls over twelve are legally entitled to get married without the consent of their parents or guardians in Scotland.

The Dodo.

The dodo was a bird bigger than a turkey and too heavy to fly, its wings being only rudimentary. It was very common in Mauritius when the island was discovered, but its flesh was so good to eat and it was so incapable of self protection that within forty years it became extinct.

Healthy Trees.

The time in the summer at which the leaves begin to turn is a tolerably sure indication of the soundness of the tree. Some trees will keep their foliage green until September, while the leaves of unhealthy trees will begin to show signs of turning brown or yellow in August.

A Queer Manx Law.

According to Manx law, a child guilty of pulling a horse's tail is liable to be seated for two hours on a wooden horse and then whipped.

Ye Olde Christmas Pye.

A "Christmas pye" of the olden times was an immense and expensive affair. At one time it was compounded of flesh, fish and fowl, and the crust was called a "coffin" in old English books.

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

—Get one of—

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General Insurance Agent
Bell 'Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

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MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries
Main Street Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. Fam prepared to do all kinds of Portrait Enlarging, Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

THE MAN WHO FEEDS WELL never has occasion to grumble about his "hard luck" when it comes to results in work, milk or pork. Quantity isn't everything—quality counts as well, and quality of grain and feed is a matter of pride with us. A cent extra on the bushel or bale will bring you a manifold return. For dairymen, hog raisers, farmers, liverymen, or anyone who owns a horse or cow, pigs or poultry we are headquarters for grain and feed

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Fine
TOBACCO
FRUIT
NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-Building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your doctor offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything kept in a store of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

When Carpenters

or cabinet-makers want to replenish their tool-chest at a very nominal cost, they come to us because they know that we carry complete stocks of all these goods and are way ahead of other stores in this line. Nothing missing—everything in the way of carpenters' tools and appliances is here, at reasonable prices. Patronize us.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 17, 1910.

Local and General.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dickerson, on Saturday, Feb. 12, 1910, a boy.

—Andrew Anderson, aged 44 years and a prominent contractor of Kane, died at his home on Monday.

—St. Margaret's Guild will hold a rummage sale at the parish house Feb. 21, 22 and 23 from 2:30 to 5 o'clock and from 7 to 9.

—The Rev. J. M. Robertson, rector of Emmanual church at Emporium, will preach at St. Luke's church Friday evening, Feb. 18th. Service at 7:30 p. m.

—Mrs. Charles Freeman entertained a party of young people at her home on Mill street Tuesday evening in honor of her daughter, Theo's, eighteenth birthday.

—The Girl From U. S. A. Company which is the attraction at the Lyceum to-night has an excellent reputation for giving satisfaction and we think no one will make a mistake in attending this musical drama.

—Last Saturday was Abraham Lincoln's birthday and had he lived until then he would have been 101 years of age. The banks and postoffice kept holiday hours in commemoration of the day.

—John Grak, a well-known lumber operator in this section died at his home in Olean on Tuesday, aged about 51 years. He had interests in Port Allegany and had many friends in Smethport.

—Bishop Cortland Whitehead says that he was misquoted in a statement about newspapers recently attributed to him in a New York dispatch. It was stated that the Bishop advised people to refrain from reading newspapers during Lent. The Bishop declares emphatically he never made any such statement.

—The young people of Farmers Valley will give an entertainment at Dingel & Mosier's hall on Wednesday, Feb. 23. The ladies will serve supper and the proceeds are for the Farmers Valley church. Admission 25 cents.

—Mrs. F. L. Antes of Ridgway, who has visited in Smethport recently, fell on an icy sidewalk in that place last Friday and suffered concussion of the brain. Her many friends here will be pleased to learn that she is improving and is now out of danger.

—The Odd Fellows of Ridgway are very busy at present making preparations for the big celebration on the 26th of April. That is going to be a banner day among the Odd Fellows and all "three-linkers" should make it a point to be in Ridgway on that date.

—The body of John Rogers was found in the ashes of his home at Raymond yesterday morning by neighbors. Mr. Rogers, who was about 70 years old, lived alone on his farm in a small house some distance from his neighbors. In the morning his bones were found and the house burned to the ground.—Potter Journal.

—A verdict of $75,000 said to be the largest ever rendered in an alienation suit, was awarded Friday to Mrs. Charles C. Hendrick, of Brooklyn against Laura Biggar, the former actress, accused of alienating the affections of Mrs. Hendrick's divorced husband, Dr. Charles C. Hendrick. Mrs.

—Last Sunday Mary Belle, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McIntyre, fell into a tub of hot water and died from the result on Monday. The mother was out of the room and had thought the little girl upstairs. She had evidently fallen backwards as her back was badly scalded and her shoulders the length of her body. The child was 2 years, 3 months old and her sufferings were intense until relieved by death Monday.—Coudersport Journal.

A SAVAGE WITCH.

His Life Was Saved by the Chief of the Quiah Tribe.

The author of "Heroes of Modern Crusades," the Rev. Edward Gillat, M. A., at one time master of Harrow school, says in his book that he had years ago the privilege of meeting the king of the Quiah country, Tarit Agamasong, at Harrow. The Quiah king had been educated at St. Augustine's college, Canterbury, and was able to lecture to the Harrovians in good English. In his lecture he told a quaint story which brings a measure to the weird lives of the Quiahs, a small agricultural and trading tribe of inoffensive characters on the west coast of Africa.

"In my country," said the king, "we have no prisons; therefore if a culprit is brought to me I must chop off something—an ear or two, a hand or a foot—and he goes home a sadder and a wiser man. Just before I left for England a chief came to my hut, bringing a prisoner.

"'What has he done, friend?' I asked.

"'He is a dangerous witch, O king. He can turn himself into an alligator.'

"'Pooh! Nonsense! I don't believe that old fashioned stuff.'

"'Oh, but we saw him do it down by the big river.'

"'Indeed! Well, chief, tell me all about it. You saw him yourself?'

"'I did. We were hunting by the banks of the river with our rifles when all at once we saw a big alligator lying on a rock in the river. The witch man was lying asleep in a hammock some fifty yards away. Oh, the dangerous creature he is!

"'Well, king, do not laugh with your eyes like that, for I am speaking the truth. I put up my rifle to shoot the alligator; but, to our great fear, as soon as I fired this fellow rolled out of his hammock and fell on the ground and rubbed his back and swore he was hurt.

"'Now, O king, if this witch had not been inside the alligator how could he have been hurt when I fired?'

"'Gentlemen,' concluded the king, 'I see you are laughing with your eyes, but it is very difficult to rule over a people untaught and given over to superstition.'

"What did I do? Why, if I had left him free they would have killed him as soon as I had gone on my ship so I saved his life by chopping off his left ear."

LODE'N CHESS.

The Game Vastly Different From That of the Fifteenth Century.

Chess is but a game, a pastime, a relaxation, but it has at times exercised the faculties of the intellectual in every clime. Perhaps the greatest eulogy on the game was the remark of Sir Walter Raleigh, "I do not wish to live longer than I can play chess." It is certain that those who do not play the game are quite unable to form any conception of the high intellectual delights experienced by the chess enthusiast.

The origin of chess has been sought in vain. The fact is the game has so changed, developed and improved down the course of centuries that in its present form it would not be recognized by its inventor, if there ever was one. The oldest chess problem on record is thought to be that contained in an ancient Persian manuscript attributed to Caliph Kaiffan Mutasim Billah, who reigned in Bagdad A. D. 833 to 842. But the reader would have to learn the old rules before it was intelligible. For example, the queen could make a move of only one square at a time and that on a diagonal, but a queen promoted from a pawn was allowed to make a move of two squares diagonally. The bishop had no power over any square except the third from which it stood on its own diagonal line, but it was allowed to vault over any piece that happened to be between. In short, it was a totally *different game. Chess in the precise* form in which we know it and play it today is a comparatively modern game. —London Strand Magazine.

Amending a Proverb.

There are a lot of silly proverbs knocking about. Take, for instance, "If pigs had wings they would fly." Now, this is absurd if you like. Do you know what sized wings a pig weighing eighty pounds would require in order to fly? They would measure about thirty yards from tip to tip. A nice state of things to keep pigs in an aviary with wings of that size! The proverb would run much better:

If pigs could fly
Pork would be high.

—London Scraps.

The Right Way.

Little Willie liked ice cream, but he objected to turning the freezer. One day his mother was agreeably surprised to find him working at the crank as if his life depended on it.

"How did you get Willie to turn the ice cream freezer?" she said to her husband. "I offered him 2 cents to do it, and he wouldn't."

"You didn't go about it the right way, my dear," replied her husband. "I bet him a cent he couldn't turn it for half an hour!"

Pretty Ancient.

"What is the oldest form of literature?"

"I dunno, but I guess some of th' musical comedy jokes must reach back pretty nearly that far."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Adam's Kick.

Eve—What makes you look so cross? Adam—I wish you wouldn't be so loud in your dresses. It isn't necessary for you to pick the most highly colored autumn leaves.—New York Press.

Advertise in The Miner.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4.00 & $3.50 SHOES BOYS' SHOES $2.00 $2.50

THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find them far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. G. JONES, 119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitutes. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

Valentines

NEW AND FETCHING

NEW CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

Beautiful hand decorated and photo-gravure place and score cards. Come and see them.

A. B. ARMSTRONG,

Drug Store

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills FOR BACKACHE

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

E-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one the runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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Main St. Smethport

"Sunkist"

Oranges, Lemons.

"SUNKIST"

means orange perfection.

I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

J. Colegrove,

Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS The famous little pills.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Say Now, "I Will Try These Foods Shot from Guns"

Order one package, either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Then you will know the whole story.

Hear what your folks say when they taste the gigantic grains. See if they ask for more.

Do this tomorrow—order the package now. Do it to learn just how much you are missing.

Hosts of housewives have already done this, and been glad that we told them to do it.

And their folks have been glad.

For no other cereal foods can compare with them. None are even half so good.

The result is this: Those folks last month served seventeen million dishes of these delightful foods.

Can you doubt that you are going to like them as well as the rest of the world?

One package will tell.

Puffed Wheat—10c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Puffed Rice—15c

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

McKean County Miner

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 17, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.
Shinemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron; subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles M. Patton.
Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

Hon. J. C. Sibley will be a candidate for Congress in the 28th district in this State. That he will make a good run and a good representative if elected is certain and he has many firm friends who wish him success.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent)

A bill which has passed the lower House of Congress provides for some sort of authoritive supervision of the public statutes which are to be set up at the National Capital in the future. The need of such a law will have been apparent to any one who has visited Washington at any time during the last decade. Too little attention has been paid to the merit of the so-called work of the art which bestrew the city. There is no National consulsion of artists to reject the meretricious monuments and the Capital suffers under an exhibition of sculptural atrocities that have been erected in parks, circles and squares from one boundry to another. In the enthusiasm that infected our legislators when it was first seriously proposed to make Washington the most beautiful Capital in the world appropriations were for many statues and monuments that have become eyesores to a growing native aesthetic discernment. Our art is much ridiculed by foreign visitors. As the decorative mania struck Congress after the close of the Civil War it was difficult for the members and even for the people at large to conceive of any American worthy of a monument who had not been a warrior. The result was the erection of statues to revolutionary, Mexican and Civil war heroes until the city became an arena for the display of prancing steeds mounted by military idols of every degree. The effects produced by coming upon these impossible horses rearing in every park would have been absurb enough of idelity and inferior ideals of art but so much bad workmanship, lack have been displayed in many that the equine exhibition in bronze has become a joke among foreign visitors and a subject of mortification to judicious residents. In the beginning of the adorning period a few congressmen had been to Europe and the sight of magnificient monuments in Paris and Berlin aroused in their aspiring but ignorant consciousness a desire for emulation comparable only to the young housewife who seeing cloisonee vases in a neighbors house stops in the five and ten cent store on the way home to equip her own mantel with works of art. To them a statue was a statue and one high pile on bronze was just as good as another. But since then American ideals in art have been developed and chastened. Foreign travel has educated the public taste and the demand for more aesthetic and harmonious effects in architecture and statury has been the result. With the exception of the Post Office, the public buildings erected in Washington in the last few years have been beautiful and satisfying. The Municipal Building, the New Museum and Agricultural Buildings, the magnificient Union Station are all good models of their kind. With this latest proposal to restrain an ignorant or careless regard with reference to the statues that are to be erected the public may be protected against a repetition of the offenses that blur the beauty and dignity of the National City.

President Taft, the most genial and democratic President that has ever occupied the White House has complained about the formality of the entertainment that his position makes necessary and has furnished copy for the professional humorist by his plaintive remark that he wishes his friends might "just drop in" at the White House. Mr. Taft notwithstanding his vigorous mind, his personal dignity and wide experience among men is above all things a "good fellow" in the better sense of that expression and the restraints of his official position wear on him. He has always detested formality. The essence of his intercourse with men has been the unconventional and easy humor of a man who is "one of the boys". The deadly dullness of official entertaining, the cabinet dinners, the preprranged interviews, the regular and prescribed Cabinet meetings, are all penalties which he pays for his office. He evades the formalities as far as he can. Cabinet ministers and diplomats are known to have cooled their heels while the President closeted with some unofficial friend has been exchanging stories and roaring over some recent joke. The French say, "C, est a rire", it is to laugh, all the time with the President. No mischievous school boy of ten finds greater need for laughter than this big, good humored boy who has never quite grown up. Everything that is not humorous or that cannot be given a humorous turn is a bore to the President and the funeral atmosphere of the White House has already chilled him. Mrs. Taft on the other hand is one of the most formal and conventional of women. Official entertaining and high position with its formal prescriptions are her delight and during her residence in Washington and the Phillipines she has always been the grand dame. Her semi-invalidism since last Spring has not compelled her to relax in the least and her appearance at the receptions this Winter, however, brief has always been marked by a full consciousness that she is the first lady in the land. This is not to be construed as a critism of her manner which is and has been beyond reproach but merely to mark a difference in this much observed couple which is apparent to every one who meets them. The President is probably Mrs. Taft's most enthusiastic admirer. Her social ambition and skill excites a wondering admiration and approval in him. He sees in her an aspiration and capacity which he does not share and he apparently takes it for a manifestation of genius. He quotes her continuously. His collected speeches would show a small percentage that did not make some reference to her. He has always asserted that without her he would never have been President and he eagerly agrees to her oft quoted remark, "It was I who made Bill". In his big hearty, laughing fashion he pays her every

WASHINGTON LETTER—Continued

tribute of admiration and respect and their very difference of disposition and manner seem to have cemented a deep and tender affection. They may be held as the typical and ideal American couple, so lately derided and denounced by our Japanese visitors in which the husband without any suspicion of gallantry or self effacement on his own part delights to assume an attitude of inferiority and submission to his wife.

The So-called "Spanish Swindle"

The department of State at Washington, has received a report from the American Consul-General at Barcelona, Spain, in regard to the band of swindlers operating in various towns and cities in Spain, who make a practice of writing to persons in the United States respecting the imprisonment of a relative and the guardianship of a child.

The Consul-General states that the alleged prisoner generally describes himself as a political prisoner from Cuba; he is at the point of death and has but one friend—the prison priest—through whose good office he is enabled to smuggle an occasional letter out of the prison fort.

The prisoner is rich. He has a fortune in cash on deposit in the United States, but the certificate of deposit is concealed in a secret receptical of his valise; the valise itself has been taken possession of by the court at Carthagena, which tried and condemned him, and will be held until the prisoner or his representative has satisfied the cost of the trial. The prisoner has an only daughter; dying in his prison, his sole thought is of this beloved offspring. He has no friend or relative in Spain to whose care he can commit her. In this emergency his thoughts turn to the distant relative in the United States whom he has never seen and of whom he knows only through hearsay or the family tree. Will the distant relative assume the guardianship of the darling daughter, and the darling daughter's fortune of about $30,000? If the distant relative accepts the trust one-fourth of the entire fortune will be the material reward. The good priest will go at once to the United States and take the darling daughter with him. There is but one condition: the really money which the prisoner brought with him to Spain has been exhausted; the distant relative is therefore requested to send enough to liberate the valise containing the secret receptacle and the certificate of deposit. This money is to be sent to the good priest at an address indicated, and, having received it, the good priest will at once secure the valise and start for America, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," with the darling daughter.

The above is generally the first letter of the series. It is quickly followed by another in which the prisoner pathetically states that his strength is rapidly failing and the end is near. He beseeches his dear distant relative to assume the trust and be a loving father to the darling daughter. The third letter is from the good priest himself, who in brief, touching terms, and hopeless.y bad English, announces the death of the unhappy prisoner; the good priest adds that the darling daughter is under his care. He is ready to put his promise into execution and start for the United States a soon as he shall have received the necessary funds from the distant relative. The good priest frequently incloses with his letter a bogus newspaper clipping announcing the death in prison at Barcelona of the famous Cuban patriot (sometime called Augustin Lafiente); the newspaper notice also speaks cunningly of the confiscated valise and the darling daughter.

It is a simple scheme, but pesented in such a plausible way that almost any unsuspecting "distant relative" of European extraction would be more or less deceived by the glad prospect of falling heir to the agreeable custody of a darling daughter with a big fortune, and a one-forth interest therein as an additional recompense.

Naturally the first impulse of the distant relative is to ask a lawyer or a judge or some authority what course he ought to pursue in the premises, but as he thinks of doing this his attention is taken by the warning in the prisoner's letter beseeching him not to mention the matter to any living soul lest the secret of the valise and the hidden receptacle be indiscreetly betrayed.

The valise, after all, with its concealed certificate of deposit, is the key to the situation and possession must be taken before anything can be done or said. This (so cunningly set forth by the prisoner) is very evident to the distant relative, and so he quite frequently preserves the secret intact, and instead of consulting a lawyer or writing to the American Consul-General at Barcelona he quietly sends a draft for the sum demanded to the good priest and awaits results. Of course he waits in vain, and the poor, dead prisoner and the priest and the darling daughter in the course of time pass out of his life for ever, leaving him only an uncomfortable memory of the money he so cheerfully contributed to the confidence game.

For nearly twenty years these same knaves have been practicing their swindle, and it is needless to suggest that they are very carefully organized; they have confederates not only in the United States but in most other countries. The confederates in question select a unit and find out all they can about him; they get hold of family names, family origin, and family characteristics. This information is transmitted to the rascal in Spain, and letters are at once written to the prospective victim. The scheme is presented and developed in a very plausible way and, many of our fellow countrymen have "fallen" promptly and cheerfully.

Under the Spanish law a felony must be consummated before the police may act, and a mere attempt to obtain money by false pretenses does not appear to warrant arrest. The money must be actually paid over and the prosecuting witness must be present in propria personæ to testify; otherwise prosecution would be useless.

Recently the letters written to the distant relative have varied somewhat from the original; the political prisoner having become a noted Russian banker who absconded, leaving a deficit of some millions of roubles, killed in a quarrel in England another Russian, and finally took refuge in Spain, where he was apprehended and charged with manslaughter.

This change of character, however is immaterial and in the future more new characters will probably be introduced by the gang. The scheme is the same, and the public is warned to place no credence in such or similar letters.

Every effort has been made by the Department of state and its representatives in Spain to unmask these scoundrels and bring them to justice and the Spanish authorities have also been active and several members of the gang have been apprehended and held for trial, but so far no convictions have resulted, owing probably to the peculiarity of the Spanih law referred to in the Consul-General at Barcelona.

SCHOOL BOY WANTED—I have a permanent position for a bright, energetic school boy. The right boy can make from 50c to $2.00 or more a week, without interfering with his school duties. A. B. Armstrong.

THE REPUTATION we have made for ourselves in the Laundry business should commend us for your patronage.

Yours respectfully,

City Steam Laundry
Bradford, Penna.
E. O. GASKINS, Local Agent.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEALSHIPT OYSTERS a specialty
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our selling service. We make a specialty of farm property. We charge no listing fee. Our advertising reaches four million people a week. We have sold farms for your neighbors. We can sell yours. When sale is completed you pay a small commission. If you want to sell write today for full information.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

To My Customers

I have now in stock at a very low price, a quantity of globes that fit the Cunningham Light.

Don't forget the Place.

E. W. Strong

Disposed of all our old stock to a commission merchant last week. Anything you buy here now is new. No more old stock here.

UP-TO-DATE SUITS AND OVERCOATS AT GREAT REDUCTIONS

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
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Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.

Call and see what we Have to offer.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

A BIG SAVING!

THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE

That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.

You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.

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36 large pages (11x15 inches)
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Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
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THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
AND YOUR OWN PAPER,
THE McKEAN MINER ONE YEAR,
BOTH FOR $1.60

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW

ADDRESS
The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

McCall's Patterns

The Lindholm Co.

REMNANT SALE

Begins Thursday Morning, Feb. 10

We have sorted out short lengths and odds and ends that cannot be sold in the ordinary way.

It comprises DRESS GOODS, SILKS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, VEILINGS, RIBBONS, WHITE GOODS, TOWELING, PERCALE, Etc.

On Thursday morning we will be ready for you. We will have all these remnants marked at a great saving to you, with prices that should move them lively.

Be among the early shoppers and reap the benefit of first choice.

The Lindholm Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Watch this space next week

Miss China Lee
Was wont to be
A lady of Supremacy.

Her house so clean
'Twas plainly seen
CHI-NAMEL there
did reign supreme.

We are not Spring Poets, but we cannot help but sing the praises of Chi-Namel; a varnish made to walk upon will withstand boiling water and thumping and scraping will not mar its beautiful gloss surface.

Let us convince you.

Full information on request. 'Phone or drop us a line and let us satisfy you that it is the only finish for floors and all other wood work.

We will boil it in water for you or pound it with a hammer and will guarantee that what we tell you will stand the same test.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

DALY & GARLICK

McLean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 17, 1910.

Local and General.

—Mrs. J. W. Brennan is confined to her home by illness.

—Don't fail to see the Girl From the U. S. A. at the Lyceum to-night.

—Mrs. Flora Hogarth is confined to the house with a severe attack of grip.

—Read the advertisement of the Bradford City Steam Laundry in this issue.

—A daily paper has been launched in St. Marys. It is called The Daily Press.

—Mrs. J. C. Pierce who has been confined to the house by grip is improving.

—The rain of Tuesday evening put the walks in a very slippery condition yesterday.

—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society met with Mrs. Harris on Tuesday evening.

—Last Monday was St. Valentine's Day and the employes of the postoffice department were busy as usual.

—It is announced that Jamestown, N. Y., will hold a centennial celebration beginning August 29 and ending September 4.

—We believe you will miss a good evening's entertainment if you fail to see The Girl From the U. S. A. at the Lyceum to-night.

—Ralph E. Burdick, treasurer of The Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, is ill at Youngsville, Pa., suffering with a severe attack of mumps.

—In front of some of the business places on Main street the snow is piled over seven feet high where it has been shoveled from the walks.

—Those wishing to subscribe for The Boys' Magazine and The Miner should not delay doing so. The present low rate of $1.60 for the two papers will not last a great while.

—Another six inches of snow last night removes all danger of losing our sleighing for a day or two at least.

—A Grange Telephone Company was organized at Coryville last night. More will be said about this good move later.

—The men in Mrs. Harris' Bible class entertained a company of about eighty people in the chapel on Monday evening.

—A fire alarm that cannot be heard more than three blocks is hardly the thing for a town that depends on a volunteer department.

—An unusual reduction sale in clothing that ends Saturday night, is advertised by Monheimer on this page. This is a money saving opportunity.

—Smethport has about the best "still" fire alarm of any town in this section, but when it comes to a general alarm we certainly need something else.

—W. J. Kerr, who has sold out his jewelry store to Victor Engstrom and J. W. Olson, is negotiating with P. E. Brown for the purchase of the Star theatorium.

—The Coryville Grange will give a supper for the benefit of Burdette Bray on Thursday evening, Feb. 24. All are invitetd. Miss Hendricks will speak at this meeting.

—A small freight wreck in the yards here last Saturday delayed traffic on the P., S. & N. R. R. for a time. One of the big engines got turned across the track at a switch and caused the trouble.

—Yesterday the Surprise Oil Company drilled six feet into the sand of their No. 8 well on the County Farm and indications are that when it is drilled in and shot it will be the biggest producer drilled by this company.

—Word reached this place Monday that Margaret, the eldest child of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Todd, had fallen while descending a flight of stairs at her home in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, injuring her spine quite badly. Their many friends in this place hope for her speedy recovery.

—John Taylor and Miss Edna V. Gallup were married Thursday, Feb. 10, 1910, by the Rev. W. A. Harris.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold a cooked food sale at the store of Jonathan Colegrove, Saturday, Feb. 19. Sale begins at 2:30.

—Mrs. Jas. Hullings is very sick at her home on Willow street with throat trouble. Dr. F. H. Bartlett of Olean is treating her throat. He will operate as soon as she is strong enough to undergo it.

—Members of the Smethport Fire Department will meet at the hose house Sunday evening at 7:00 o'clock to attend services at St. Luke's church, at the earnest invitation of the rector, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke.

—Miss Jennie Malen and Mr. Burdette Abbey, both of Keating township, were united in marriage Tuesday evening by Justice R. C. Gleason at his office in this borough. This young couple have many friends in this vicinity who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a happy voyage through life.

—One of the heaviest snow storms that has visited this section in a good many years came upon us last Friday night and Saturday morning. Over a foot of snow fell, which together with the three feet that previously lay in the woods makes the covering of snow much in excess of that for many years previous, and it is with considerable difficulty that teams get along in the woods.

—The Epworth League on Sunday will take up the study of the Feast of the Tabernacles and the Discourses on Light and Freedom. The scripture references are to be found in John VII:1—VIII:59. Other references are Edersheim Vol: I, pp. 128-9; 226-233. Vol, II, pp. 160, 165; 126-130; 143-176; 149, 150, 158. Andrews "The Life of Our Lord" pp. 341-343; 365-379. The hour of the meeting is six forty-five sharp.

—At the last meeting of the borough council an ordinance was passed setting aside a sum of $300 per year from the general borough fund for the benefit of the Fire Department. This money is to be used in keeping the fire fighting equipment in good repair and for the purchase of such new apparatus as may be needed. This ordinance becomes operative September first next and is to continue from year to year untill otherwise ordered by the council.

—John D. Rockerfeller, Jr., has offered $3,000,000 for propagating the Baptist faith among Italians in this city on condition that an equal amount be contributed by other friends and that the whole sum shall be put into the hands of the Baptist City Mission and administered by that society, says a New York dispatch. Judging from our knowledge of the Italians idea of religion they will take to the Baptist faith about as readily as a hen takes to water.

—Figures furnished for auditing by the county commissioners, show that the cost to the county of the maintenance of prisoners at the State penitentiary and prisons is $6539.00. There is credited against the cost for labor performed, $1013.21, leaving a balance of net costs to the county for 1909, of $5526.79. When you come to take into consideration the enormous court expenses to convict these fellows, the items of expense for crime is enormous.—Eldred Eagle.

—The new town on the edge of the big tract of hemlock timber owned by the Goodyear Brothers at the head of Potato creek is making rapid strides. A gas line has been put into the place and several buildings are well under way. In fact the big store is about completed. As yet the town is without a name but that does not seem to handicap it in the least. But if it will help any we will suggest the name of Nunundah, the real name of the stream it is located on.

—Victor Engstrom and J. W. Olson have purchased the W. J. Kerr jewelry store in this pace and these gentlemen will conduct the business in the future. Mr. Olson is an experienced jeweler and watch maker and in a short time he expects to have their new store in first class shape and will carry an up to date line of goods. For the present at least Mr. Engstrom will hold his present position. Both are excellent young business men and we predict for them a prosperous future.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday there will be the usual services with preaching at half past ten and half past seven. The Sunday school meets at eleven forty-five and Epworth League at six forty-five. The Day of Prayer for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society occurs next week Thursday, the 24th, but the occasion will be observed in connection with the prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, the 23rd. There will be several special features and extra music. Service from 8 o'clock to 8:45.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

Off MRS CARRIE CLARK

Advertise in The Miner.

Personal Mention.

Julius Norstein is a Bradford visitor today.

Ben Young was an Olean visitor Tuesday.

Andrew Hanley was an Olean visitor this week.

H. H. Redfield had business in Buffalo this week.

Hon. R. W. Hilton was a visitor in Olean yesterday.

Scott F. Redfield is in Buffalo on business this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Donovon were Olean visitors Tuesday.

M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Mrs. F. J. Urban of Bradford is the guest of Mrs. C. B. Corwin.

Miss Carrie Wilkinson was a Port Allegany visitor Wednesday.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison had business in Ceres the first of the week.

Frank Dunbar left yesterday for a two weeks' stay at Port Allegany.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick are visiting friends in Youngsville, Pa.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisset has returned from a purchasing trip to New York City.

Miss Julia Gaynor left for her home in Clermont yesterday for a few weeks visit.

Mrs. H. F. Grabe and daughter, Pauline, of Austin are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Margaret Koenig was the guest of Eldred relatives from Saturday until Monday.

P. E. Brown is in Buffalo this week on business and incidentally taking in the automobile show.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Raymond of Port Allegany were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus the first of the week.

Mrs. Sarah Blake returned to her home in Eldred Friday after an extended visit with her daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus.

C. A. Anderson, O. D. Gallup and A. G. McAllister of Colegrove came down Tuesday evening and took in the Masonic excursion to Olean.

Mesdames William L. Hamaar, Horace H. Redfield, Scott F. Redfield and Mellville M. Gillett were Buffalo visitors the fore part of the week.

Messrs. J. G. Amsler, A. C. Downey and Wolters of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town Tuesday and took in the Masonic excursion to Olean that night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKean, Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, daughter Marion, and son William, departed Tuesday for DeLand, Florida, for a six weeks' visit.

Lincoln's Religion.

Was Abraham Lincoln a Christian in the accepted sense of the term? This was how he stated his religious belief:

"I have never united myself to any church, because I have difficulties in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership the Savior's condensed statement on the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

But he never joined any church.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

WM. MONHEIMER.

UNTIL
SATURDAY NIGHT

Feb. 19th, you can buy any SUIT OR OVERCOAT up to $22.50 for just

$12.00

Today, tomorrow and the day following you can save $6.50 to $10. After that this sale will be over.

MONHEIMER'S

FRY & COMES

Laces & Embroideries

ONE-THIRD OFF REGULAR PRICES

To clear our stock before the arrival of spring purchases we offer our complete stock of Laces and Embroideries at a discount of 33⅓ per cent. from regular prices. This is an opportunity which you cannot as a user of lace and embroidery afford to miss. Our usual prices are lower than most stores, quality considered. This special sale enables you to purchase dainty trimming at about half the prices in other stores.

FRY & COMES.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under-side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE

$9,240,000.00

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Free

Cut out this card and send it to us with two cents in stamps to cover cost of postage and we will send you our 1910 Art Calendar. All the months of the year are visible at one time on this calendar, and it is embellished by a reproduction of the famous painting "Motherhood".

This Bank pays 4% Compound Interest on Savings.

You can bank by mail as easily as in person. Booklet on request.

Capital and Surplus, 10 Millions.

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)
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Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLER LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST want a man or woman in SMETHPORT and vicinity to look after subscription renewals and to forward new business. A guaranteed weekly salary, the amount depending on the work done, and a commission on each order. Experience unnecessary. Any one can build up a permanent paying business without capital. Complete outfit and instructions free.

Agents' Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
425 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A MISSION EPISODE.

The Reckless Girl and the Man With the Wicked Face.

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

(Copyright, 1904, by American Press Association.)

Miss Elizabeth Robbins regarded her brother thoughtfully across the breakfast table.

"Jackie," she said, "I am going to work"—a pause—"in the slums."

"You are not," responded Mr. Robbins decidedly, "going to do anything of the sort."

Then Bettie came down to her brother's end of the table.

"Oh, wait until you hear about the plan, Jackie," she pleaded, "and remember that I shall only go one afternoon each week. Mrs. Holmwood is interested in a mission away down"—Bettie's eyes opened very wide—"in the worst part of the city. It is called Welcome hall and has been started through the efforts of that great preacher, Dr. Henry Huntington Smith, who has come here recently.

"Mrs. Holmwood says that they gather the women and men of that vicinity into Welcome hall every afternoon and evening, serve coffee, have music, speaking, and—oh, you know," finished Bettie vaguely.

"Which part of the program do you furnish, may I ask," said Jack, "upon your particular afternoon?"

"Why, I don't know," said Bettie uncertainly. "This will be my first day, you see. I could at least play the piano, and I shall be home in time to see that Mary serves your dinner properly."

"As for that"—Jack was getting into his overcoat now, so Bettie followed him to the hall—"as for that, I may be a little late for dinner tonight, but if you have fully made up your mind to this business keep close to Mrs. Holmwood all the time."

Later in the day, clad in a fur storm coat and with a pert little red velvet turban upon her curly hair, Miss Bettie descended to the parlor, where the pastor's wife sat waiting.

"You see," she said laughingly, "I have worn my very oldest clothes as directed, and I am sure that your girls could not now be prejudiced against me because of my fine appearance."

The two stepped out into a heavy snowstorm. From one car to another they changed, each street growing stranger and shabbier to Bettie's unaccustomed eyes, until Welcome hall, with its great sign over the doorway—a sign that turned to glittering letters of fire at night—loomed up before them.

"THEY ARE BOUND TO HAVE CAKE AND COFFEE."

The pastor's wife went first, and Bettie followed between chattering rows of girls. The place was quite different from what she had expected, so large and white and bare. The steam from boiling coffee seemed to fill the air, and it was very close and warm in the room.

The girls were disappointed also and seemed to prefer coffee to music, so Bettie stood filling the cups while the demand seemed ever to increase.

The steam lodging in her curly hair brought it floating in shining strands across her flushed face as the waitresses bade her "hustle." And it was a very disheveled and rather angry young person who sought Mrs. Holmwood toward the end of the short winter afternoon.

"I am going home now," she announced. "I cannot wait any longer for you, Mrs. Holmwood."

The pastor's wife looked up at Bettie absently. She was helping a white faced girl in her selection of books from the small library.

"Very well," she said, "thank you so much for coming, and mind, dear, take the green car at the door."

Bettie pinned the bright turban upon her floating hair, but was wholly unaware that the little hat was tilted very decidedly over one eye.

Then, slipping into the tan raincoat, she hurried once more into the cool, fresh air and stood with hands thrust deep into her pockets at the entrance to Welcome hall, impatiently awaiting the appearance of a green car.

She had turned to watch the boy lighting the street lamp when her eye fell upon a man, a great broad shouldered fellow with a swaggering walk.

He wore a long checked ulster, and his red hair curled about the back of the rough woolen cap, which was pulled down over his ears.

A sudden fear seized Bettie as she remembered the newspaper tales of that locality and her brother's warning.

If only she had waited for Mrs. Holmwood! For an instant she considered retreat, then turned to face her—robber.

"Going in?" the man asked, with a nod toward the glittering sign.

Bettie stared, to all appearances quite deaf and dumb.

"They are going to have cake and coffee," said the man, with a grin. "Come on; let us go in."

This, added to the discomfort of the afternoon, was too much for Bettie's patience.

"No," she said, turning upon him like a small fury; "I am not going in there. Do you understand that? And if you dare speak to me again I will hand you over to a policeman."

The man chuckled and laid a great, detaining hand upon her arm.

"Now, see here, don't be angry," he was beginning, when, with a cry of relief, Bettie ran into the road to hail the green car, which was fast approaching.

As the car turned the corner she had the satisfaction of seeing a blue coated officer of the law in earnest conversation with the ruffian in the checkered ulster.

* * * * * * * *

When the rebellious brown hair had been smoothly coiled into its most becoming coiffure and Miss Robbins had donned a dainty violet gown she began to feel more charitably inclined toward the world in general.

"Perhaps," she remarked to the reflected face in the glass, "I was a bit hasty with that dreadful man." Her meditations were interrupted by voices down in the front hall.

A moment later Jack burst excitedly into the room.

"Hello, there, Betsie!" he cried. "Remember hearing me tell about my old college chum, Hal Smith, great athlete, famous football player and fine fellow? Well, I met him in the restaurant at noon today, and whom do you suppose he is? None other than your great Dr. Henry Huntington Smith. Hasn't had time to hunt me up since he came to the city, for he is a very busy man. So I just made him promise to come up to dinner tonight, and when you come down," finished Jack, with a laugh, "you can talk over your mission work with him."

"Yes," agreed his sister in a small voice, "my mission work."

She stood for a moment at the head of the stairs, listening to their voices, when suddenly Bettie's eyes opened very wide.

Where had she heard that deep toned voice before? It was like, oh, horribly like— She descended two or three steps and looked over the balustrade.

The Rev. Dr. Smith was standing before the fireplace, his tall, broad shouldered figure clad irreproachably in the black of his calling.

Poor Bettie collapsed, a violet bundle, on the third top step of the stairs. The voice still came floating up to her.

"Yes, I have had some odd experiences, Jack, but it is all in knowing the nature of the people you have to deal with. A very unpleasant incident occurred, however, this afternoon. I was going over to hold service at our mission when I saw one of those poor girls at the door. She was evidently hesitating, undecided whether to enter or to go on in her own way. Sometimes a smiling word of encouragement or companionship is all that is needed to help make the decision, so I invited her to go in with me.

"In a moment she was on the defensive. Still I tried to persuade, when she turned on me a veritable virago—threatened," said Dr. Smith, "to hand me over to the police. She might," he continued reflectively, "have had a pretty face had it not been so completely hardened into recklessness."

Miss Bettie arose suddenly and came rustling softly down the stairs. She stood for a moment in the doorway awaiting her brother's introduction with downcast eyes.

"I am so pleased to meet you, Dr. Smith," said a meek voice, but the young minister stood staring and seemed to have forgotten to speak.

"Bettie," said Jack impulsively, "Dr. Smith has been telling me about that mission you are interested in, and you had better not go there any more. My sister," he explained to his friend, "is very timid."

"I do not think that I shall go again, Jack, dear," said his sister, "for I was so annoyed this afternoon when leaving the mission to come home. One of the rough men of that locality was very rude. In fact, I don't doubt that he was after my purse, for he actually caught me by the arm, and he had such a hard, wicked face."

Bettie shuddered and then smiled at the minister.

"That settles it," said Jack sternly. "You do not go again."

Bettie led the way to the dining room and paused a moment as her brother's friend held the curtain aside for her to pass.

"Do you think," she asked, looking up at him with dancing eyes, "that there would be any real danger?"

"I think," said Dr. Smith, with an answering smile, "that your brother need have no anxiety upon your behalf, for I am quite sure that you are able to take care of yourself."

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Holmwood had just finished reading an account of the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Dorothy Robbins to the Rev. Henry Huntington Smith.

"She is a bright girl," she said to her husband, "and a pretty one, but I fear she will be no help to that great man in his mission work. Truly he might have made a wiser choice."

But Dr. Smith holds a very different opinion.

CAUTION IN THE MINT.

They Almost Strain the Air to Save Particles of Gold.

It has been aptly said that no miser guards his treasure more religiously than Uncle Sam watches over the precious metals that pass through his mints. Then, too, the precautions against waste are almost innumerable.

Every evening in each of the mints of the United States the doors of the melting rooms are swept cleaner than a New England housewife's kitchen. The dust is carefully put aside, and about once in two months the soot scraped from every flue is transferred to the same precious dust heap. This is then burned, and from its ashes the government derives no inconsiderable income. The earthenware crucibles used in melting are employed no more than three times. They are crushed beneath heavy rollers, and in their porous sides are found flakes of the precious metal.

In the melting room when the casters raise their ladles from the melting pots a shower of sparks fly from the molten surface of the metal. For the most part they are bits of incandescent carbon, but clinging to the carbon is often a minute particle of metal. Lest such particles should escape, the ashes and clinkers below the furnaces are gathered up at night. This debris is ground into powder by means of a steam crusher and then is sold to a smelter, like ordinary ore, at a price warranted by the assayer.

The ladles that stir the precious metal, the big iron rods, the strainers and the dippers, all are tested in a most curious fashion. After considerable use they become covered with a thin layer of oxidized silver, closely resembling a brown rust. The implements are then laid in baths of a solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away the iron and steel and leaves the silver untouched.

Gradually the ladle, or whatever the implement is, will disappear, and in its place remains a hollow silver counterpart of the original, delicate as spun glass. These fragile casts reproduce the ladle with perfect accuracy in all its details, although their surfaces are perforated with innumerable little holes. Scarcely have they been molded, however, before they are cast into a crucible to become in time dollars, quarters and dimes.

In one corner of the melting room there is a large tank into which newly cast silver bars are dropped and left to cool. Infinitesimal flakes of silver scale off and rise to the surface of the water, which acquires the metallic luster of a stagnant pool. Here is silver that must not be lost, so beneath the pipe through which the tank is emptied is banked a thick layer of mud. As the water filters through it the mud retains the precious residuum. Four times a year this mud is removed, and each experiment discloses the fact that some $50 has been saved.—Baltimore American.

His Text.

The three-year-old son of a Methodist minister was with his mother at a gathering of ladies. At the proper time he was given a cooky. He ate it in short order and asked for another. The hostess said:

"I'll give you another if you will sing for us."

"Can't sing," was his reply, "but I know something I can say."

"That will do all right," the lady answered, expecting to hear "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," or some other nursery classic.

But the little fellow drew himself up in real Sunday school fashion and said his piece:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

The lady gave him the cooky, and the whole company seemed to be very cheerful about it.—Harper's Magazine.

A Water Telescope.

Norwegian fishermen use a water telescope to ascertain the position of the herring shoals. This is the way to make the water telescope:

Procure a tube made of tin and funnel shaped about three and a half feet long and ten inches in diameter at the largest end. It should be wide enough at the top to take in the observer's eyes, and the inside should be painted black. At the bottom, or wide end, a clear, thick piece of glass must be inserted, with a little lead in the form of a ring to weight the tube. When the instrument is immersed in clear water it is astonishing how many fathoms down the observer can see.

The Sybarites.

The Sybarites were the inhabitants of the ancient city of Sybaris, in southern Italy, founded 720 B. C. They were so greatly addicted to voluptuousness and self indulgence that their name became a byword among the peoples of antiquity. The word "sybarity" is used at the present day to denote a person devoted to luxury and pleasure.

Sometimes There Isn't.

Flubbe—I'm going into the manufacture of something there ought to be money in.

Dubbe—What are you going to manufacture?

Flubbe—Pocketbooks and purses.—London Telegraph.

Why He Couldn't Work.

The Lady—My 'usband, sir, 'as sent me to say 'e won't be able to come and do the little job you arst 'im to. E's promised to go round the town with the unemployed.—London M. A. P.

One More Disappointment.

"Poor old Myer is dead, I see. He led a life full of disappointments."

"How glad he would have been to see his name in print!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Flower Words

How an Ideal Man Declared His Love.

By ANNABEL B. CARTER.

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Ethan Atwater was a well educated young man, with a fortune, good looks, good health and a good mind. His occupation was both occupation and amusement. He studied and did some scribbling, occasionally sending very pretty verses to magazines.

Atwater lived in a small place, but a very old one. Many of the dwellings stood alone and often in the center of large grounds. His house was quaint, and the grounds were a marvel of good taste. On entering his study one would immediately be impressed with the fact that it had been furnished and decorated by an artist with an exquisite sense for harmony in color. Through the window appeared grounds that had evidently been arranged by a landscape gardener. Both the artist and the gardener were Ethan Atwater.

Atwater had been drawn to one or two different women at different times, but had sooner or later discovered something in one or the other to offend his sensitive taste, something that either smacked of coarseness or an absence of ideality. Not that he was a sentimental man; he may rather be called a man of sentiment. The sentimental was as repulsive to him as coarseness.

On Atwater's return from a journey he found that the place next adjoining his on the east had changed hands. The same day he saw a young lady go into the house whose appearance struck him favorably. Her apparel was in good taste. Her hat appeared to have been made neither for a giant nor a dwarf. The colors of which her costume were composed were subdued. Her face, too, bespoke innate refinement.

It was in the autumn that Atwater first saw this girl and nearly every day after that he observed her either going out or coming in, or at a window. His first impulse was to assume the privilege of a neighbor and go in and call on the newcomers, but it occurred to him that he would take pleasure in studying the girl from the brief distance that separated their abodes. One of his theories was that a refined person could not be uncultured; that an ideal person could not be commonplace. If she were both ideal and refined she would show her ideality and refinement to him without an acquaintance. If there was a lack of either he would be able to detect it without speaking to her or being spoken to by her.

Within a few weeks he had witnessed acts on the part of his neighbor indicating traits that he considered usual in, if not essential to, a refined nature. He saw her receive a child who came to her house and knew at once that her heart warmed to children. He was standing at a window when she attended an old lady to her carriage and was sure that she sympathized with the aged. These are but individual instances of Atwater's observations, no one of which was of supreme importance, but all taken together, indicated a nature such as he could admire and revere.

Then he went away for awhile. When he returned he made a discovery. The young lady next door did not appear either in the grounds or at a window. He began to fear that he had seen her for the last time. That fear was akin to pain. He was tempted to make inquiries, but knew no one to ask. After a week of chafing one afternoon he saw her drive up to the house in a carriage and received with demonstrations of affection by the other members of the family. Atwater longed to jump out of the window and take her in his arms himself. But this was an impulse that didn't count for or against his natural idiosyncrasies.

Later he made another discovery similar to the first. He saw a very handsome young man leave the house next door and the young lady follow him out to the gate, apparently loath to have him depart. This time it was revealed to him not only that the young lady was a person of interest to him, but that he objected to her being of interest to any other man. From this point she ceased to be a matter of study by observation. She was to be appropriated.

My story up to this point has been very one sided, and it must continue for the present to be one sided. It is not to be supposed that a girl may be under constant observation by a young man next door without some observation on the part of the girl. Atwater had never seen her looking at him, though he had never failed to look at her whenever she appeared. Had he caught her doing so he would have considered her as overstepping the bounds set for a modest young woman. That she did not do so convinced him that she did not consider him worth looking at.

One morning in February Atwater saw a man digging up the soil in the yard in the adjoining grounds. It was plain that the ground was not intended for vegetables, but for flowers. In another week the young lady came out with a few light garden implements and a dainty little basket full of seeds and began to plant.

A few days later Atwater spaded a flower bed in his own grounds and planted seeds. His garden was protected on three sides by bush plants, but could be observed by the neighbor on the east. A warm wave germinated the seeds in both gardens, and tiny green lines were soon visible. Nothing unusual was to be noticed in the lady's garden, but in Atwater's a careful observer would have seen lines of tender green in which could be traced the letters, "I Love."

As soon as his letters were large enough to be read from the next house the young man kept a constant watch with a view to discovering whether they were observed. Days passed, and the delicate lines were lost in the exuberance of the growth, but never did the planter see a face at the window. If his declaration had been seen it had not met with any response.

Atwater argued in this wise: If she has seen the flower words and is a person of ideality, refinement and kindliness she will make a reply even if unfavorable. So he waited and watched. Weeks passed, and neither the heavens, the air nor the earth gave a sign. Atwater's ideality was giving way before the impatience of love, and he was about to try some more commonplace method. Then one morning when the air was clear and the sun was shining on the garden opposite he fancied he saw in a new growth just appearing above the soil that which might be letters, but since it came up unevenly he could not be sure at so great a distance. In another moment he had a pair of glasses leveled at the flower bed. The only growth that looked like letters spelled "No."

Atwater was momentarily discouraged. But it was evident that there was more coming up which might change what appeared to be a refusal. Again the impatience of love impelled him to push for an immediate response, but his ideality again triumphed. He concluded to wait. Realizing how he should suffer watching for a response to his message to grow out of the ground, he absented himself for a season. He returned late at night, and the next morning, to his satisfaction, he saw plainly letters in the adjoining garden to read, "I Know You Not."

It is high time that we should have a view of what is transpiring in this ideal affair from the other side of the garden wall.

Miss Edith MacGregor was looking out of her window one morning when she saw a young man leave the next house and saunter down the street. It was enough for her that he was nice looking and that he lived next door. Unlike Atwater, whose musings on first seeing her were what she might be, she mused on something to happen and, womanlike, at once decided to place herself on the vantage ground of invisibility—that is, she would not be seen when within doors and she would appear unconscious of the fact that a nice looking young man lived next door.

While Atwater was assuming that she did not consider him worth looking at she was constantly observing him from a dark room that she had fitted up for that especial purpose. Nevertheless when at a window she took care not to look into the adjoining place and never appeared at all except when becomingly dressed.

And so it was that Miss MacGregor was perfectly aware that Mr. Atwater admired her before he supposed she was aware of his existence, and she knew he had been pierced by one of Cupid's arrows before he knew it himself. She had concluded to have a garden that they might have an excuse to meet with only a hedge between them, and when he planted seeds to spell "I Love You" she had seen the letters traced out in the soil before the seeds were put in the drills. Moreover, she had purposely planted in her response the letters "No" in thin soil in order that they might grow up before the others to give her lover a temporary disappointment.

Miss MacGregor knew very well that Mr. Atwater was a man of an ideal nature both from his face, which she had carefully studied with a glass, and from his method of making love. She did not therefore propose to destroy any illusions he might have. She knew very well that no man in love will be long satisfied with communications that must take the time necessary to grow out of the ground and awaited her lover's next move. So when she received a note begging permission to begin a correspondence on paper she replied that it would be a pity to descend from beautiful and natural letters to artificial ones made with a combination of chemicals.

To this Mr. Atwater replied that, while the flower words were beautiful and not usual, they were very slow. And he made a request to be allowed to call.

Miss MacGregor delayed to reply to this note, but a day or two later appeared in a becoming morning costume in her garden with a small watering pot. Atwater saw her and lost no time in going into his own garden with garden tools. The lady was watering her plants when, hearing a sound, she looked up with well feigned surprise to see her lover craning his neck over the hedge. He remarked that the plants needed rain, and she replied that there was no sign of rain.

Atwater looked for an opening in the hedge, but did not find any. In the rear there was a fence bounding both properties, and, getting on top of it, he passed the hedge. He was very much rattled. The girl was perfectly cool. She talked about her flowers as though there was no other subject in existence. But presently she invited him to inspect some that were in the house, and they passed in together. Then and there they began the speech where they had left off in the language of flowers.

Mr. Atwater has long been a married man, but he found, he fondly believes, that he attracted the attention of his wife and won her love by having declared his own in flower words.

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LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MANSER, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDICH, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 321, meets 4th first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

I. O. O. M.—Smethport Council, No. 648, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 39, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
JENNIE ERBESPACHER, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. HAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

L. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
W. B. HOPPER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. R. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. R. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

A Girl Sent a Valentine to a Fellow She Didn't Know.

By HORACE HILL.

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My brother Tom is fifteen years older than I and a very different fellow in every way. Tom never cared anything about the girls, while I confess I always had a fancy for them. When I was fourteen I went away to boarding school and stayed until I was eighteen. I had left Tom single, and single he remained.

On my return I could see, over a high hedge that separated our place from the one adjoining, that during my absence a family had moved in there, among the members of which was a girl as pretty as a peach. She was about sixteen years old, wearing her skirts to the tops of her boots. I rather fancied she was not averse to practicing any kind of mischief that might occur to her.

This was a mere inference till St. Valentine's day came round; then it

"LET ME GO! I DON'T KNOW YOU."

became a certainty. The girl, whose name was Mary Blake, gave herself away by a very simple process. A cousin, Maud Blake, considerably older than herself and a very proper old maid, was visiting at the house. A valentine came through the mail for Mr. T. Etherton and was delivered to me. My brother's name is Tom and mine is Theodore, both initials letters being "T." Since I considered Tom too old a fogy to receive a valentine, I took the benefit of the doubt, opened and read it. There were some verses in it referring to the warmth of a middle aged heart, which convinced me that it was intended for Tom. Opening a little pocket built in it, I took out a bit of paper on which had been scrawled almost illegibly, "Maud."

It seemed rather strange to me that an elderly person like the middle aged spinster next door should send my ministerial looking brother a valentine, especially with her name on it. I was bothered for a time, then all of a sudden the whole scheme flashed upon me. The little humbug Mary was intending to perpetrate a joke on her cousin.

But I was not of an age, myself to waste time in repentance for having spoiled a love story. I was busy hatching mischief myself. I racked my brain for some plan to get the heartless Mary in her own coils, but without much success. Tom's valentine had come in the mail delivery the evening before St. Valentine's day. I said nothing to Tom about it, not intending that he should do anything to spoil any pranks I might decide to play on the perpetrator of the joke.

We have a letter box beside our front door, and that evening while coming around from the back to the front of the house I saw a figure stealing in at the gate and on tiptoe up the walk to the house. Stepping behind a tree where I would not be observed, I saw the figure—it wore a dress—go up to the letter box and slip something in. Not caring to declare myself at this stage of the proceedings, I lay low and permitted the figure to flit away in the darkness. Then I dived into the letter box.

I pulled out an envelope stamped with leaves and flowers and cupids and all such things and, looking at the superscription, saw that it was for Mr. Theodore Etherton, or my own self. I opened it, expecting some kind of a decoy from the little mischief maker next door, and I was not disappointed. The missive purported to be a valentine with the harmless anonymity usual in valentines; but the recipient was invited to join the writer the next evening at 8 o'clock in a little summer house in grounds at the time vacant in rear of our place.

Here was accomplished what I had been racking my brains to invent. Miss Mary was intending to draw me to a meeting with some one who would probably turn out to be no one and doubtless from a hiding place observe my chagrin.

I don't know whether I was more delighted with the wiliness of this scheme or the innocence that was intending to perpetrate it. One thing I know: I was yearning to get the little girl encircled in my arms and heap coals of fire on her head in the shape of a volley of kisses.

The next morning from my window at the rear of the house and overlooking the summer house that was intended for the scene of my disappointment I made a careful survey of the grounds. A path led from a gate behind our yard and a path from the Blakes' yard to the summer house. Between these two paths and near to the summer house were some bushes. Miss Blake would observe me going to the rendezvous and would follow me under cover of the darkness. What, if anything, she intended to do I didn't know; but, whatever it was, it would be done from behind the bushes.

During the day I kept a sharp lookout upon the fair one next door—not an inappropriate occupation for St. Valentine's day—and observed her going about demurely, with never a smile on her face or, so far as I could see, a twinkle in her eye. To look at her one would have supposed butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. There was something fascinating in gazing upon such innocence, knowing the while that it was merely a cover for the most arrant roguishness. As for casting the least bit of a sly glance across the hedge, she seemed entirely oblivious to the fact that there was any other side to it than her own. Was there ever such duplicity concealed under so guileless an exterior?

When night came I at last was in a state of uncertainty. I could lay no plan by which to surely head her off. She had a safe retreat from the bushes over a straight path to her own back gate. The worst that could befall her was to be seen entering her own premises. But this would give me no information I did not have, and it is questionable if she would care if it were known that the decoyer lived there, since she might assume that it would not be known which one of the occupants had perpetrated the joke. What I mainly relied on was my fleetness and that I as well as she might work under cover of the darkness.

It is pretty dark at 8 o'clock in the evening on the 14th of February, and in order that Miss Molly should know that I had gone to the rendezvous I put on a light gray coat, carrying a black one in my hand. Having thus arrayed myself, I sallied forth, not doubting that I was watched by the girl next door. I had no sooner entered the summer house than I took off the light colored coat and put on the black one. Then, getting down flat on the ground, I wriggled around with a view to getting between the girl and her home. I had gone a part of the distance when I saw a silhouette against the sky running for the clump of bushes. On reaching it I heard a loud ha-ha and saw the silhouette dash like the wind for the gate. Quick as a flash I was on my feet, running for the path, and a body of flesh and blood ran right into my arms.

"Oho!" I said.

"Let me go!"

"Not just yet. I have a bone to pick with you."

"Let me go! I don't know you."

"I know you very well."

"I have not injured you."

"Yes, you have. You are my enemy."

"Let me go, I say!" And she made a vigorous effort to release herself from my grip.

"Do you know how the good book tells us to treat our enemies?"

"No, and I don't care. I want to go home."

"It tells us to love them."

She didn't struggle quite so hard after I said this, but she pretended all the same.

"You must excuse me for being frank with you. This is St. Valentine's day, and we are permitted to tell each other our feelings. I've been watching you from my side of the hedge and have noticed what a nice, pretty girl you are. You haven't ever seen me in your yard, have you?"

"No, and I don't want to see you. Let me go!"

"I will of you'll tell me one thing, and tell me truthfully. Who sent that valentine to my brother with the bit of paper in the pocket with 'Maud' on it?"

There was no answer, but a renewal of the struggle to get away. I held on tightly.

"You must tell me that and tell me who slipped the valentine in our letter box decoying me to the summer house."

As before, the only reply was more struggling.

"Well, since you don't seem disposed to buy your freedom with information on these points I'll give you another kind of chance. You must admit that a girl who deceitfully and with malice aforethought induces a fellow to meet an imaginary person in a summer house and gets caught in her own trap must expect to pay some sort of ransom. Now, we'll call it quits for one kiss."

"I supposed you were above such mean things as that."

"I didn't know that you were aware of my being your neighbor, much less understanding the traits of character I possess."

There was a bit of a giggle at this, and I took courage.

"Beggars cannot be choosers," I said. "I shall have to decide the penalty for myself without asking you what you'd rather do."

I took a kiss so quick that she had no time to defend herself. Then I opened my arms and let her go. She walked away to her home, and when she reached the gate I heard her say spitefully:

"Red head!"

"How did you happen to notice that I had a red head?" I called. "It's too dark to see it here."

I'm going to college in the autumn, and I shall take her picture with me if I didn't steal it; she gave it to me.

Not Taking Chances.

He called at the money order window of the local postoffice and asked permission to send an order for $100 to the "old country." Then the man with the money gave his own name as payee.

"I'm going over next week," he volunteered, "and I want to have the money waiting for me on the other side, so that I can give it to my mother."

"Why don't you take it with you?" asked the clerk. "You would save 40 cents."

"Well, suppose the ship sinks and I drown!"—Newark Star.

Stimulation by Suggestion.

I rose to have my doctor call
And gravely look me o'er.
The cough, the cold, the ailment small
Which bothered me before
Seemed petty, though annoying things
Until he swiftly came
And unto each derangement flings
Its scientific name.

Ah, then, what pride uplifts my mind
To hear those words set free,
Vast as the mutterings of the wind
Or murmurings of the sea!
And in my heart strange hopes begin
To leap of lasting fame.
There is a heap of comfort in
A scientific name.

—Washington Star.

What He Was Thinking Of.

The editor wrote, "About 60 per cent of the total revenue of civilized nations goes for military expenditures."

The intelligent compositor, who was a married man and who had something on his mind, set it up:

"About 60 per cent of the total revenue of civilized nations goes for millinery expenditures."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Perfect.

Her hair is dark, with glossy glint
And sheen,
Except where puffs of lighter tint
Are seen.

Her skin is soft; 'tis snowy, too,
And nice,
Save where the freckles glimmer through
The rice.

She does not claim to be a belle
Or boast,
And, after all, she looks as well
As most.

—Washington Herald.

A Suggestion For Boarders.

"What are you trying to do, Mr. Dispep?"

"Didn't you say this was a Plymouth Rock?"

"I did."

"Well, I'm putting in a blast."—Judge.

A Trifle Caustic.

Two kinds of fools the river haunt
Performing stunts aquatic,
And nothing over seems to daunt
These gentlemen erratic.

Two kinds of fools take dunkers out
Despite the pleas of mother,
And one kind seems to be about
As foolish as the other.

Two kinds of fools we see afloat
Before the season closes—
One is the kind that rocks the boat,
The other kind proposes.

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Rebuff and Hint in One.

"How nicely your daughter sings!" said the young man to the girl's mother.

"Sir," exclaimed the latter haughtily, "that is my husband in the next room winding the clock!"—St. Louis Star.

Dressed For the Occasion.

A rubber mask adorns his nose,
Large goggles hide his eyes,
Two wingliko things are on his ears,
As down the street he flies.
A rubber coat enwraps his form,
Great gloves his two hands fill,
A rakish hat is on his head—
In fact, he's "dressed to kill."

—Boston Courier.

Brilliant Idea.

Gyer—I have a plan for speeding an aeroplane through the air at the rate of three miles a minute.

Myer—How are you going to do it?

Gyer—Use a gas motor for the motor.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Rah, Rah, Rah!

I walk on air—I'm free from care—
Pray note these gay, contented looks.
Yea, I am gay, the world is fair.
Yea, I am full of joy, I say—
I made today the final pay-
Ment on a set of books!

—Cleveland Leader.

Not Specific Enough.

Witness—At the time of the accident my maid was in my boudoir arranging my hair.

Lawyer—Yes, and where were you?

Witness—Sir!—Boston Transcript.

What It Was.

She ran to meet him at the door,
A kiss his lips she pressed upon.
"Just let me have ten dollars more!"
She cried. "The bargain sales are on."

—Detroit Free Press.

For Luncheon.

Romantic Maid—Do you believe it possible to live on love alone?

Practical Man—Oh, yes—between meals.—Chicago News.

Another Mouth.

Daughter's engaged to a titled dub—
The deal was arranged by cable—
And father has ordered some extra grub
And a longer dining room table.

—Kansas City Journal.

One Way.

"You can always tell a gentleman by his shoes."

"Yes; all's swell that ends swell."—Harvard Lampoon.

How He Got In It.

A drop of ink upon his hand—
A drop no bigger than a berry.
He treasured it to beat the band.
It made him seem so literary!

—Buffalo Express.

Juvenile Ignorance.

"Papa, what is a burlesque opera?"

"Almost any grand opera, dear."—Chicago Tribune.

A Dark Horse

She Married in Haste, but Did Not Repent at Leisure.

By LUELLA D. COWLES.

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You will scarcely believe your senses, my dear, when you receive this my announcement that I AM MARRIED. Just think! When you left me only two days ago I told you that under no condition whatever would I marry, because I knew of no man I wished to marry, and yet here am I married. And doubtless you will exclaim: "Poor Irene, after all my warnings! Some one of the hunters for her tan millions has bagged the game. And now that he has got her and the millions he will hang on to the money and the wife will have to take care of herself."

But you are wrong, my dear, entirely wrong. I have married the best man in the world, one who loves me devotedly. Why will people insist that a sordid interest must always prevail over the yearnings of the heart? My case, at least, affords an instance wherein love has risen superior to avarice.

But I must begin at the beginning or rather, at the beginning of the end. You know all till the 12th, the date of my parting with you. You know that I had promised the count an answer on the 13th that a new and attractive offer from Prince Fiegenheim had been made to me on the 12th and that, while the count was a delightful man, irrespective of his title, to be a princess was far more attractive than being a countess. Meanwhile General Du Pont had cabled me from Paris that he was about to sail for America hoping to induce me to reconsider my refusal of him.

On looking over my memorandum book I counted seventeen other offers, including six titles. Can you blame me for becoming confused? Count Polinski stopped at the hotel at which I was living and would not let me out of his sight. The prince, who is wealthy—he is an old man—was more dignified, more ceremonious, but he would not take "No" for an answer. His is one of the oldest families in Prussia, and he is on intimate terms with the emperor. The Earl of Mickleton was at Newport when you left, he is the Englishman, you know—but sent me a long letter from there explaining that with my fortune he had I could put his castle in order and entertain royally.

Perhaps if there had not been so many and such tempting offers I might have taken up with some one of them. But no sooner did I get my mind fixed on the advantages of one than I was called upon to consider those of another. The prince would tell me of the dinners he would have with the emperor and empress and the great social advantages to be derived therefrom. Then the count would describe the jewels that have been in his family for centuries, and the exquisite pleasure of possessing them almost tempted me to decide in his favor. But while I was thinking about them the fact that the earl is an English peer with a seat in the house of lords would come up before me, and you know the English nobility is the finest in the world. But there is one thing about the Micletons that isn't a bit nice—the family derived its estates through one of the mistresses of a former king of England.

Oh, dear! My brain begins to whirl again at thinking of all these inducements that were so lately pulling me in every direction. I thought how nice it would be if they could all be united in one man. To be a German princess and sit at the emperor's table, a peeress of England and be received at Buckingham palace, a Polish countess and wear family jewels a thousand years old—I almost wished we could have that system that was in vogue in olden times—Polly Andrew, I think it was called—whereby a woman could have as many husbands as she pleased. (I have looked the word up in the dictionary, and it's polyandrous.) Just think! I could have been a German princess, an English peeress and a Polish countess. Besides, I could have had a real husband to love me. Heigho! If I had had the making of social systems I would have made them much better than I find them.

As I was telling you, the day after you left I found myself in a very uncomfortable position. I had promised the count an answer, the prince was of too high rank to keep waiting, General Du Pont, who, by the by, I didn't tell you comes of one of the oldest families in France and may be president some day, arrived from Paris, and the Earl of Mickleton came down from Newport. What do you suppose? Polinski was waiting in my private parlor for his answer when up comes the prince's card. At that moment a note is handed me from General Du Pont stating that he had arrived and would call at noon (it was then 11). While reading his note another waiter hands me the card of the Earl of Mickleton.

What was I to do?

I just sat down and cried. But I only shed a few tears. I hadn't time. I must think, or, rather, I must act. My first thought was to accept the prince, he being of the highest rank and considering his intimacy with the emperor and all that. But I just could not give up being a peeress of England. General Du Pont had come all the way from France to plead his cause, and there was a possible presidency of the French republic in his suit. As to Polinski, I had promised him an answer on that very day and had led him to believe that it would be favorable. Besides, I got to thinking of a certain gem he had described to me among those family jewels. It seemed to sparkle just as if it was really before my very eyes.

It was dreadful, these four men all pushing their claims and I not able to fix my mind on any one of them to the exclusion of the others. And then think of the difficulty of handling so many suitors at once. That alone was enough to set one wild.

You know the saying the homeopathics have, "Like cures like?" Well, to handle all these men I was obliged to call in a man. John Jones has had the full charge of my property ever since father died and has managed it very well and, I believe, very honestly. I knew I had something far more difficult to manage than property, and John was the only person I could think of to help me. I just telephoned him to come right up from his office. He telephoned back that he was concluding the sale of one of my buildings that he was anxious to get rid of and desired to nail the transaction, fearing another building would be sold instead of mine. I told him that if the whole estate was in danger of being lost I wanted him to come right up anyway. In ten minutes after that he arrived.

I told him of the four men who were trying to get at me to marry me.

"Have you no preference?" he asked.

"I can't make up my mind," I replied, "whether I would rather be a German princess or a British peeress or run my chances of being first lady of France. Then there are the jewels"—

"You mistake me," said John Jones. "I wasn't asking about the titles and things; I referred to the men."

"Oh, the men! I hadn't thought of that," I said.

"What do you wish me to do?" he asked, looking puzzled.

"I don't know," I said, with a little nervous laugh, "I wish you to do something."

"Do you wish me to decide for you?"

"Yes; anything."

"It will do no good for me to decide unless you abide by my decision."

"I will."

"On your honor?"

"Yes, on my honor."

"You wish me to decide whom you are to marry. Is that right?"

"Yes."

At that moment there was a rap at the door, and like a fool I cried, "Come in!" The door was opened, and—goodness gracious—there stood the count!

"Pray excuse my trespassing," he began; "the fullness of my heart—"

He had got thus far when—what do you think?—some one pushed against him, and, turning, he saw the prince. And, great Scott, the other two were coming down the corridor! The prince had seen the count, the earl had seen the prince, and the general had seen the earl coming toward my suit. They had followed one another.

I looked at John Jones appealingly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this lady has just made a very important decision—a decision that affects you all." Oh, dear, how eager they all looked!

"Looking at me," he asked, "Am I right?" and I answered "Yes." I trusted him.

"She has decided to whom of all her suitors she will give her hand." (Each man's eyes sparkled—with anxiety lest some other than himself had been chosen.) "I have the honor to announce to you, gentlemen, that I am the favored man."

"You!" shouted the count and the general. The other two maintained a dignified silence.

You could have knocked me down with a feather. I glanced at John Jones to know if this was in earnest or only to get rid of the others. He understood my meaning and replied by a look, "I am in earnest."

They say that when persons are drowning all the acts of their lives pass in review before them. All the advantages I was giving up passed before me. And it is also said that a drowning person will catch at a straw. I caught at John Jones.

"Ez this an affair comique," asked General Du Pout, "or ze truth?"

I nerved myself for an effort. Oh, how grateful I felt to John, and I said: "It's the truth."

The four noblemen bowed very low, turned and went away. How embarrassing it must have been if they met at the elevator! When they had gone John turned to me and said:

"Do you approve my course?"

"Yes; I do."

"I release you."

"No you won't," I said. "I've had enough of all this. I wish it closed up at once."

"Married at once?"

"Instantly."

John sent out for a clergyman, and we were married and took the train for this place. I always liked John, but somehow I hadn't thought of him for a husband. I suppose my mind had been on coronets. But John says he had loved me—just think—since I was a little bit of a girl. And I—well, I find it perfectly lovely to have a fine decided business man on whom to rely for a husband.

But one thing, only one thing, troubles me. There is one regret that I cannot get out of my mind. The Countess Polinski would sound well, Mme. le General or probably Mme. le President would sound better, the Countess of Mickleton, being English, you know, would sound better still, but the Princess of Fiegenheim would be divine.

And to give up all these to be plain Mrs. John Jones!

Isn't it awful?

The Nervous Child.

Miss Arabella Annabella Wilhelmina Wild,
So everybody says, is a very nervous child.
When asked to mind the baby
She says she'll do it, maybe,
If she doesn't have a handkerchief when she's finished with her play.
When told in school to mind the rule
She says she thinks the teacher cruel.
She says if she must do such things she really cannot stay.
Oh, Arabella Annabella Wilhelmina Wild,
Everybody says, is a very nervous child.

—Woman's Home Companion.

His Pessimistic Way.

"My husband," said Mrs. Jipes, "always takes the gloomy view of things. When he looks at the thermometer in an elevated railway train, for instance, to see what the temperature is he'll growl, 'Huh—four degrees below the freezing point! when he could just as easily say twenty-eight degrees above zero, which means the same thing, you know, and doesn't sound half so chilly."—Chicago Tribune.

The Cynic.

You may agree that he is clever
Who dips his pen in gall,
Who cynically writes and never
Likes anything at all.

You may admit that he has culture
Who, when a chance turns up
Swoops on the greenhorn as a vulture
Swoops on a strangled pup.

You may admit that he is witty.
His gibes may make you smile.
But, after all, say, don't you pity
The cynic for his bile?

—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Little Yarn.

"I thought you were going to take me to the grand opera?"

"Well, you see I ordered two seats in the front row."

"Good enough."

"But then they had to take the first row out to make room for the orchestra."—Washington Herald.

Too Winning.

She coaxed me to play bridge with her.
In fight my safety lay.
But I could not resist her spell.
I liked her winning way.

My car fare only had I left
When I had ceased to play,
And quickly did I change my mind
About her winning way.

—Baltimore American.

Simply That.

Bilbson—How was Jones yesterday?

Gilbson—He seemed to be laboring under a strange delusion.

Bilbson—Indeed! I thought he was playing golf.

Gilbson—So did Jones.—New York Journal.

The First Aviator.

Upon a broomstick perched astride,
The first of aviators she,
With high speed throttle opened wide,
Upon a broomstick perched astride,
Through moonlit vistas did she glide—
A most uncanny sight to see.
Upon a broomstick perched astride,
The first of aviators she.

—Los Angeles Times.

In Darkest Africa.

"They say he looked as if he'd been in a boiler explosion when the savages got through with him."

"Worse than that. He looked as if he'd been initiated into a college fraternity."—Cleveland Leader.

Paradox and the Furnace.

The furnace is a funny beast,
With jaws that open wide,
It feeds on costly wood and coal,
Which must be thrown inside.
But, different from human folks
Who work when they are hired,
The furnace never starts to work
Until it has been fired.

—St. Louis Star.

Of Course.

Elsie—So Madge married that old millionaire. I suppose there was a good deal of throwing at the wedding.

Ethel—Oh, yes; rice, old shoes and insinuations.—Boston Transcript.

The Homely Truth.

The man with will an' work to do
Is not the man who sets thar
An' growls an' growls 'bout "pullin' through."
He rises an' he sets thar!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Same Sort of Goods.

"Am I really and truly your first and only love?" queried the dear girl.

"No," answered the truthful drug clerk, "but you are something just as good."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Where?

All the young men at present
View directoires with alarm.
If girls are one size from top to toe,
Where shall he put his arm?

—Yale Record.

Celestial Studies.

"I tell you in that railway collision when I was hurled off my seat I saw stars."

"Of course. The cars were telescoped."—New York Journal.

Weatherwise.

All weathers make a world, you know.
'Twas so from the beginning.
Rise up and with the country grow
And keep the world a-spinning!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Or as Curiosities?

"Somebody stole a dozen fresh eggs from our house yesterday."

"Do you suppose they intend holding them for a ransom?"—Houston Post.

A Fowl Deduction.

Said the yellow legged rooster
As he heard them for him barter,
"I can see my end a-coming
As a Sunday dinner martyr."

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Blue All Through.

Ted—Does Grace appear to be loyal to Yale?

Tess—Oh, yes! She always talks a blue streak.—Yale Record.

Forked Lightning.

I eat a hasty meal at twelve,
And afterward I wonder
If it's called a lightning lunch, because
It makes me feel like thunder.

—Boston Transcript.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry Writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Plurius Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1910,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210 and 3168 being Lot No. 41 Biddle street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the north east corner of Biddle and Hacker streets; thence by the north line of Biddle street north eighty one degrees, twenty minutes east, fifty one feet to a driven iron pipe, corner lot No. 39; thence by land of Girard in lot No. 63 north twenty degrees west one hundred and fifty feet; thence by the south line of an alley parallel to Biddle street south eighty one degrees twenty minutes west fifty one feet to the east line of Hacker street; thence by the east line of Hacker street south twenty degrees east one hundred and fifty feet to the place of beginning. Containing 7500 square feet more or less and to be used only for a site for one dwelling house and the usual and customary outbuildings pertaining thereto. As surveyed by G. H. Lyon in May, 1906. Having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Baptiste Fouyon at the suit of John Mebler.

R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land situate in Wetmore Township, in the County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being a part of Warrant No. 3166, and bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at a post the south east corner of lands of A. A. Gustafson; thence by said land north fourteen degrees thirty minutes west fifty two rods and five tenths of a rod to a post; thence by land under contract to the said Gustafson and land under contract to P. Wahlstrom south eighty two degrees thirty minutes east forty two rods and seven tenths of a rod to a post; thence by land of Jacob Stauffer south five degrees west forty nine rods and eight tenths of a rod; thence by the north side of the Big Level Road old line north eighty one degrees west twenty five rods and three tenths of a rod to the place of beginning. Containing ten acres and seventy one perches, and containing after deducting the Right of Way of the Big Level and Bradford Railroad, a net acre of ten acres and sixty eight one thousandths of an acre. Reserving and excepting thereout a strip of land sixty feet wide being thirty feet on each side of the Big Level and Bradford Railroad, now Pittsburg and Western Railway extending across the said lot.

Being the same premises conveyed by Sophia Dorthea North to Lucretia Van Orsdale, by deed dated March 13, 1907, and duly recorded, on which said premises there is erected a two story frame dwelling house, a small barn, chicken houses, and usual out-buildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Lucretia Van Orsdale and Lyman Van Orsdale at the suit of Sophia Dorothea North.

Mullin & Woods, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the West line of Pearl Street, distant North twenty-seven (27) degrees East eight (8) rods from the Southeast corner of land of the American Extract Company; thence along the south line of a lot conveyed to G. W. Witte, South sixty (60) degrees West six and twenty-three and one half hundredths (6.23½) rods to the right of way of the Railroad Company; thence along same South twenty-seven (27) degrees East eight rods; thence North sixty (60) degrees East six and twenty-three and one half hundredths (6.23½) rods to the West line of said Pearl Street; thence along same North twenty-seven (27) degrees West eight (8) rods to the place of beginning. Containing fifty (50) square perches of land or the same more or less, improved and having thereon one two story factory building, equipped with machinery for manufacturing furniture.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the Port Allegany Furniture Manufacturing Co. at the suit of The Citizens National Bank of Port Allegany, Pa.

C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels and tracts of land situate, lying and being in Eldred and Ceres Townships, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

FIRST, BEGINNING at a post in the middle of the public highway leading from Bullis to Eldred, and in the west line of lot No. 29 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township; thence south one hundred twenty-seven (127) rods to a post; thence east one hundred thirty four (134) rods to a hemlock in the warrant line; thence south one hundred ninety-two (192) rods to a post in the north line of No. 87 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township; thence west thirty and five-tenths (30.5) rods to a post; thence north fifty-five (55) rods to a post; thence west seventy-two (72) rods to a post; thence south fifty-five (55) rods to a post; thence east forty-one and five-tenths (41.5) rods to a post; thence south forty-two (42) rods to a post; thence east fifty-six (56) rods to a hemlock in the township line; thence south seventy-eight (78) rods to the northeast corner of land conveyed by Wm. K. King to John Walsh; thence west one hundred (100) rods to the northwest corner of land conveyed to Patrick Walsh; thence the land conveyed to Edgar C. Wolcott; north one hundred forty (140) rods to a post; thence west one hundred seventy five and six tenths (175.6) rods to a maple corner; thence north seventy-two and four-tenths (72.4) rods to a beech; thence east seven and five-tenths (7.5) rods to a post; thence north one hundred seventy-two (172) rods to the middle of the before mentioned highway; thence along said highway by the several courses and distances thereof to the place of beginning. CONTAINING four hundred twenty (420) acres, more or less, about two acres improved, and having thereon one and ½ story frame house and usual outbuildings.

Excepting and reserving out of the above tract of land a certain tract of land conveyed to D. Thayer, bounded and described as follows: BEGINNING at a post in the middle of the public highway leading from Bullis Mills to Eldred and in the west line of lot No. 29 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township; thence south one hundred twenty-five and four-tenths (125.4) rods to a post; thence west eighty (80) rods to a post; thence north eighty-three and seven-tenths (83.7) rods to the right of way of the Pennsylvania Railroad; thence north 58 degrees East fifty-two (52) rods to the place of beginning. CONTAINING fifty and six-tenths (50.6) acres.

ALSO, EXCEPTING AND RESERVING the following described tract of land; BEGINNING at the south-east corner of D. Mulvey lot in the Township line; thence South along said Township line to the top of the hill; thence along the ridge to a point far enough so that a line parallel with township line will make fifty (50) acres; thence East along South line of D. Mulvey lot to place of beginning. CONTAINING fifty (50) acres, being land now owned by Al. Simons.

EXCEPTING AND RESERVING also the School House lot between the highway and the railroad.

SECOND, ALL that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: BEGINNING at a post in the north line of lot No. 85, and being the southeast corner of lot No. 84 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township; thence north one hundred twenty-three (123) rods to a beech; thence south 75 degrees east eighty-three (83) rods to a beech; thence north one hundred sixty (160) rods to a post; northwest corner of lot No. 82; thence east two hundred fifty (250) rods to a post; thence north forty (40) rods to a post; thence east one hundred twenty (120) rods to a post; thence south fifty-four and five-tenths (54.5) rods to a post; thence west eleven (11) rods to a hemlock; thence south eighty-nine and six-tenths (89.6) rods to a post; thence east sixty (60) rods to a post; thence south sixty-seven and five-tenths (67.5) rods to a post; thence west eighty-two (82) rods to a post; thence south one hundred twelve and five-tenths (112.5) rods to a beech; thence west forty-five (45) rods to a post; thence north twenty (20) rods to a hemlock; thence west three hundred seventy-five rods to the place of beginning. Being lots Nos. 80, 81, 82, 84, 362, 362, 368, and 447 of the allotment of Keating lands in Ceres Township, and containing seven hundred (700) acres, more or less, about thirty acres improved, and having thereon two 1 & ½ story houses, each with ell attached, one 1 story house, one new bank barn 30x40 feet, one small barn, one log stable, a well of water and usual outbuildings.

Sold as the property of A. B. Mann, it being understood that the legal title to the 700 acre tract is now vested in Mamlin and Forrest.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Arthur B. Mann at the suit of John Sweet, and Mary E. Forrest, Executors of Byron D. Hamlin, deceased.

Gorton & Richmond, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

5.

Defendant's interest in all that piece of land situate in Annin Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post the Northwest corner of land contracted to Benj. Johnson; thence by the West line of same South 17 degrees East 142 perches to a post in South line of Lot No. 362 A. Dolley and the Southwest corner of Benj. Johnson; thence by the South line of lot No. 362 West forty six perches to post the Southeast corner of lands contracted to William Eschenfelder; thence by East line of same North 17 degrees West 130 perches to a sugar tree corner; thence North 83 degrees East 58 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 34 acres, strict measure, be the same more or less, and being part of lot number 362 and of Warrant No. 2214 of the Allotment of lands of Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest in Annin Township. Excepting and reserving the Petroleum, Oil and Gas from the above described grant, said reservation to be in accordance with the deed of said land from Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest to C. A. Dolley, bearing date Nov. 13,1888.

About twenty acres cleared.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of I. N. Miller at the suit of C. A. Dolley.

C. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain place, parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 3210 being Lot No. 33 Pine Avenue, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north line of Pine Avenue, seventy feet (70 ft) eastwardly from the northeast corner of Pine Avenue and Edgar street; thence along the East line of Lot 31, northwardly, one hundred and thirty five feet (N 135 ft) to the south line of an alley running parallel to Pine Avenue; thence along the south line of said alley eastwardly sixty feet (S 60 ft) to a post; thence by land of E. P. Alfson southwardly one hundred thirty five (S 135 ft) to the North line of Pine Avenue; thence along the said North line of Pine Avenue, thirty (30 ft) feet from the center line thereof, westwardly sixty feet (W 60 ft) to the place of beginning. Containing eight thousand one hundred square feet of land (8100 sq. ft.) to be used as a site for one dwelling house with the customary out buildings.

The above described being the same premises conveyed by Elizabeth D. Kane to Leonard S. Bancroft of the first part hereto by deed dated October 25th, A. D. 1901 and intended to be recorded at the time of recording these presents.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Leonard S. Bancroft at the suit of Mutual Guarantee Building & Loan Association, &c.

H. G. Burkhouse, Plaintiff's Attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in all that parcel of land in Port Allegany Borough; Described as follows: Beginning at a point in the South line of Mill Street, at North east corner of C. O. Laymon; thence S. 50 degrees E. 16 rods to North line of Harrison Street; thence N. 40 degrees E. 100½ feet to South West corner of Nels B. Anderson; thence N. 30 degrees W 100 feet to a corner; thence N. 60 degrees E. 50 feet to a corner; thence N. 30 degrees W 154 feet to North corner; thence S. 60 degrees W. 156½ feet to the place of beginning. Containing, 38514 Square feet.

Unimproved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Walter B. Moore, Defendant, notice to Minnie M. Moore, Terre Tenant, at the suit of The First National Bank of Port Allegany, Penna.

S. W. Smith, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 9, 1910.

THE LYCEUM

JOHN CLARK, Manager

Thursday, Feb. 18,

HARRY SCOTT CO.

presents te Reigning Sensational Musical Dramatic Novelty

The Girl From U. S. A.

A Fantastic Electrical Mechanical Spectacular Scenic and Dramatic Portrayal! A Profusion of Pretty Girls Brilliant Musical Ensembles Original Songs and Dances!

The Most Entertaining Play of this Rapid Age!

Audacious! Lithesome! Sprightly! Spirited!

A Strong, Patriotic Story, Rich in Heart Interest, Bright in Dialogue, Terrific in Climaxes, Original in Sensation, Furnished by 80 Foot-light Favorites, assisted by a Graceful and Shapely Singing and Dancing.

American Beauty Chorus.

Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00

Seat on Sale at Wells' Drug Store

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Levaria Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at the premises of the Smethport Cut Glass Company in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1910,

at 11 o'clock a. m. the following described property as a whole:

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the northeast corner of lot formerly conveyed to B. R. Knapp on the south side of Water Street; thence along the south line of water street east 76 feet to a stake; thence south eleven rods to the north line of land formerly owned by S. J. Gifford; thence west along the north line of said land formerly owned by S. J. Gifford to the southeast corner of Ford R. Knapp's lot (now land of A. T. Palmer); thence north along the east line of land now owned by A. T. Palmer to the place of beginning, having thereon a large three-story frame building fully equipped and used for the manufacture of cut glass, together with all the personal property, consisting of manufactured cut glass, cut glass in the process of manufacture, and blanks, machinery and fixtures, situated in said building or elsewhere, and bills receivable, rights, privileges and franchises of said Smethport Cut Glass Company.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Smethport Cut Glass Company at the suit of R. E. Burdick, Trustee.

F. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorney.

WM. H. MORRISON,
Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 10, 1910.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February, A. D. 1910.

First and final account of Mary E. Terry, administratrix of the estate of R. G. Terry, deceased.

First and final account of Luella M. Lamphere, administratrix of the estate of Wilbur E. Lamphere, deceased, who was administrator of the estate of Royal C. Lamphere, deceased.

First and final account of Carl H. Tew, administrator of the estate of John H. Tew, deceased.

First and final account of William F. Burr, executor of the last will and testament of Hannah Eliza Daniels, deceased.

First and final account of Chauncey H. Gregg, executor of the last will and testament of Mary A. Gregg, deceased.

First and final distributing account of James George, guardian of Maurice Arthur McCray, late minor child of T. E. McCray, deceased.

First and final distribution account of Carrie L. Brown, guardian of Harry Brown, late minor child of S. S. Brown, deceased.

Second and final account of C. E. Judd, guardian of Mary Ann O'Brien Lewis, late a minor child of Matthew O'Brien, deceased.

First and final account of J. B. Wright, administrator of the estate of C. C. Wright, deceased.

First and final account of Paul D. Lyon, administrator of the estate of Arthur F. Allen, deceased.

First and final account of Charles E. Heche, administrator of the estate of Elizabeth Angeline Smith, deceased.

First and final account of H. M. Wick, guardian of Wallace A. Tinker, late a minor child of Juliate E. Tinker, deceased.

First and final accounts of W. A. Hagan, guardian of Walter J. Egan and Leo J. Egan, late minor children of Sarah M. Egan, deceased.

First and final distribution account of Albert L. Stover, administrator of the estate of Thomas Buchanan, deceased.

Second and final distribution account of Herman H. North, executor of the last Will and Testament of John K. Merriam, deceased.

JOHN R. EASMAN,
Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 29, 1910.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 210, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elizabeth May Stetson did, on the 24th of August 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frederick Stetson.

We therefore command you, the said Frederick Stetson that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, next to answer the petition or libel of Elizabeth May Stetson, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elizabeth May Stetson should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

Mullin & Mullin, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 17, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, William E. Reed did, on the 7th day of June, 1909, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Emma Reed.

We therefore command you, the said Emma Reed that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of William E. Reed and show cause, if any you have, why the said William E. Reed your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

V. B. Boutin, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 28, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lizzie Craft did, on the 2nd day of Sept. 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles D. Craft.

We therefore command you, the said Charles D. Craft, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1910, to answer the petition or libel of Lizzie Craft and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lizzie Craft, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

D. H. Jack, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 58, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Thiena Block did, on the 22nd day of June 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Abraham Block.

We therefore command you, the said Abraham Block that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Thiena Block and show cause, if any you have, why the said Thiena Block your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

Mullin & Mullin, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 38, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Elizabeth May Stetson did, on the 24th of August 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frederick Stetson.

We therefore command you, the said Frederick Stetson that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, next to answer the petition or libel of Elizabeth May Stetson, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elizabeth May Stetson should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

D. H. Jack, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 28, October Term, 1909.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lizzie Craft did, on the 2nd day of Sept. 1909, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles D. Craft.

We therefore command you, the said Charles D. Craft, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February, 1909, to answer the petition or libel of Lizzie Craft and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lizzie Craft, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1910.

D. H. Jack, Attorney for Libellant.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 100, Aug. Term, 1868.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Thiena Block did, on the 22nd day of August, 1868, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Addie Pritchard.

We therefore command you, the said Addie Pritchard, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of George L. Pritchard and show cause, if any you have, why the said George L. Pritchard, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3, 1910.

Sheridan Gorton, Libellant's Attorney.

A Feast for Five Hungry People

There's a full meal for five hungry people in every package of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

A delicious meal you can have ready for the table in less time than it takes to make coffee.

A breakfast or luncheon feast that will cost you only 10 cents.

The finest kind of a meal any family ever had placed before them.

BEARDSLEY'S TRADE SHREDDED MARK CODFISH

The Choicest of Food

The whole world knows that fish is one of the most nourishing and strengthening foods in existence.

And, as we prepare it, it is also one of the choicest.

And one of the easiest to cook.

We use none but cod of superior quality.

We get them from Northern waters. The fish which feed here attain a superlative flavor.

And of these select fish we pick only the plumpest and fattest. Each fish is examined three times.

Then we take only the best part of each fish—the sweetest, most delicate meat.

We remove all the bones. Our wonder-Shredding Process makes the meat fine and fluffy and dainty.

Thus Beardsley's Shredded Codfish is ready to cook the instant you open the package.

Instead of Meat or Eggs

Just to let your family learn how good it is, serve Beardsley's Shredded Codfish tomorrow.

Have it instead of meat or eggs. A package, costing only 10 cents, will go farther than two or three pounds of meat, or a dozen eggs.

Once your folks get a taste of this food, they'll want you to have it often. There are dozens of delicious ways to prepare it. So no one ever tires of it.

Free Book of Recipes

With the first package you buy, your grocer will give you our book of tempting new recipes.

There is other codfish in packages. But Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. Our wonderful Shredding Process is patented. So please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. For that is the kind you will like.

THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND
Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the natural and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons
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BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital,

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

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is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

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Having opened a new feed mill on EAST STREET we are prepared to furnish to all the best of mill stuffs

Flour, Feed, Grain, Alfalfa, Hay and Straw

at lowest prices

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INSURANCE!

Life, Fire & Accident

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Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

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Office and Residence over Lammler's harness shop.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 31 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well-stocked.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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SMETHPORT PENNA
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For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach; and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

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Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.